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A CHILD of the NIGHT

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER IX.

A Descent Into a Cesspool.

I turned first towards the quays, hoping that in the crowd of beggars, thieves, and cut-throats which swarmed over them I might chance upon the object of my search. The streets were crowded with carriages and heavy carts, which went their way with a fine disregard of the foot-passengers, who kept out of danger as best they could, seeking shelter behind the projections thrown out at each corner, or dodging back and forth under the noses of the horses.

As I crossed the river and truned into the Quiades Theatins, I heard a shrill scream of terror, and witnessed an accident such as happened many times daily in Paris. A child had been knocked down by a passing horse, and lay sprawling on the pavement. In a moment the heavy wheels of a cart would have crushed her, for the crowd regarded the accident with a singular indifference, but I sprang forward with an oath at their carelessness, and dragged her to her feet. With two strides I gained the protection of a projecting flight of steps, and paused to look at her.

I saw at a glance that she was a creature of the streets, one of those unfortunate beings with no home but the ash-heaps, no food but what she managed to rescue from the garbage-pilles. She might have been ten years old, or twenty, it was impossible to tell—or, rather, it would be more correct to say that her body had the arrested development of a sickly child of ten, her face the preternatural shrewdness and knowledge of a street-woman twice that age. The rags in which she was clothed were horribly dirty, and as I set her again on her feet I shuddered to see that he legs were hideously bowed.

"There, my child," I said, as I put her down, "you are quite safe now. In future be more careful where you are going. Another time you may not escape so furtunately."

She looked at me with large eyes, in which there was a trace of tears.

"Yes, Monsieur," she said. "You are very kind."

"There, run along," I answered, touched with pity as I looked at her pinched face, which under other circumstances might have been attractive—even pretty.

"Yes, Monsieur," she said again. Still she did not move, but stood looking wistfully up into my face.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked, stooping down beside her.

She hesitated a moment, looked down at the pavement, and then slowly raised here eyes again to mine.

"I think—I should like you—very much, Monsieur," she stammered, and turned away into the street. I gazed after her in amazement, for I could have sworn that she had blushed. I watched her until she was out of sight, and then continued on my way, pondering over this new wonder, until I plunged into the fetid quarter near the Halles, and found plenty there to occupy my mind.

In an hour's time my heart was sick of the task. The tottering buildings, the filthy streets, the sore-eyed, half-naked children swarming with vermin; the hideous creatures who had once been men and women, but who now were merely monsters disguised in forms scarce human; the sickening, penetrating stench which hung over everything; the squalor, disease, corruption, vice, which were evident on every hand—all these filled me with disgust and dismay, for I, reared under the trees and the blue sky, had never dreamed of anything so terrible, and I trembled at the thought that perhaps in one of those filthy holes, reeking with crime and disease, Nanette—my Nanette, dainty, beautiful, innocent—might be concealed. The thought turned my heart sick within me, and I pushed on from street to street, looking to right and left, mad with horror and despair.

My brain was reeling as I made my way back to the river's edge for a breath of pure air and a glimpse of God's pure sky unsullied by the miasma of disease and filth. Then I turned again to my work, peering into reeking courts, along foul alleys, under noisome doorways, my hand always on my sword, for I detected everywhere black looks and threatening gestures which would have meant death had I been unprepared. But nowhere did I catch a glimpse of Mere Fouchon, and at last, sick at heart, and with every organ of my body in revolt, I turned away and went slowly back to the Rue du Chantre.

As I entered the court, I saw the concierge beckoning to me eagerly from his box, and I hastened to him.

"What is it?" I asked. "You have something to tell me?"

"Yes, Monsieur," he answered, with a smile. "You were asking this morning about my predecessor."

"Well, what then?" and I endeavored to control my impatience.

"She sent this morning for some clothing she had left behind."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"She sent a girl, a gamine, only so high, all rags, all dirt, a horrible sight."

"Make haste!" I cried. "What then?"

"Well, I gave this girl the clothes, Monsieur. She took them and went away."

"And is that all?" I asked, my heart falling again.

"Not quite, Monsieur. It happened that my grandson was here at the time, and I told him to follow the girl, believing that in this way we might learn where her mistress is hiding."

"Splendid!" I cried. "And he followed her?"

"Yes, he followed her, Monsieur—ah, such a distance! Along the Rue des Poulles to the river, along the quays, across the Pont Neuf, through the Rue de la Pelleterie, again along the quays, across the Rue St. Croix, through the Rue Cocatrix, doubling back and forth like a rabbit, doubtless to render pursuit impossible, until finally she turned into the Rue du Chevet. When my grandson reached the corner she had disappeared."

"'Twas well done!" I cried. "Here is a crown for your grandson, who is a brave boy," and I turned away.

"Where do you go, Monsieur?" asked the concierge.

"To the Rue du Chevet, to be sure," I answered. "Depend upon it, I shall soon find her hiding place."

"Have a care, Monsier," he protested. "'Tis a dangerous place for honest men."

"I have my sword," I answered, and hurried into the street.

Darkness had already come, but I traversed the quays and crossed the Pont Neuf, with its queer little semi-circular shops, its dentists and quack doctors and its equestrian statue of our great Henri, without pausing for breath. It was only when I plunged into the maze of streets beyond that I was compelled to stop and inquire my way, and even then it was with the greatest difficulty that I found the Rue du Chevet.

I should have given up the task as hopeless; but the thought of Nanette a captive, suffering I knew not what indignities, spurred me on. The quarter was plunged in absolute darkness, there being no pretence of lighting the streets, and I could not see two paces before me, but from the stench which assailed my nostrils—the vapor of crime and disease—I knew I was again in one of those filthy quarters of the town where I had spent the day.

Shadows passed me, leaving behind an impression of incredible foulness. Strange shapes brushed against me. There was something terrible and threatening in the very atmosphere. I felt that, although I could see nothing, I was fully visibl to the denizens of the night, whose eye s had grown accustomed to its blackness. Here and there a feeble ray of light penetrated the shutters of a window or fought its way through a crevice in a doorway and faintly illumined a few inches of the dirty pavement. Everywhere else was gloom, so thick, so heavy, so absolute, that it seemed to press upon and suffocate me.

I put my hand to my face and found my forehead damp with perspiration.

"Come," I said, "this will not do. You are frightening yourself, my friend. There is really nothing here to fear," and I continued on.

At the end of a moment, I ran against a wall. I felt along it with my hands and found that it completely closed the end of the street. Evidently it was a cul de-sac and I must retrace my steps. I reflected that it were folly to attempt anything more until daylight came to my assistance, and that the wisest thing for me to do was to return to the Rue du Chantre and secure a good night's rest. Then in the morning, with the help of M. d'Argenson's men, I would soon unearth Mere Fouchon. I shuddered to thing that aNnette was condemned to spend a second night in such a place, but plainly I was powerless to prevent it.

As I turned away from the wall, I seemed to hear the sound of many feet shuffling along the pavement, of many voices whispering together. A thousand eyes seemed glaring at me through the darkness. There was something inexpressibly chilling and menacing in this murmur, which continually receded as I advanced, only to close in behind me. I felt that I had but to stretch out my hand to touch a wall of living bodies, and yet I dared not do so.

Suddenly a door right beside me was thrown open and a flood of light poured out into the street. For a moment I was blinded, and then, framed in the doorway, I saw the shrivelled form and leering face of Mere Fouchon.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, in a shrill voice, "so i is M. le Moyne—the chivalrous M. le Moyne, who prefers a bed on the floor to his own couch when a pretty girl occupies it!"

My sword was out of its sheath in a breath.

"Hellcat!" I cried, and sprang towards her.

She vanished from the doorway like a shadow, but I was after her. Even as I passed the threshold, I heard a clear, piercing cry.

"Please!" screamed the voice. "Oh Pierre! This way!"

"Nanette!" I cried. "Nanette! In a moment, my darling!" and I hurled myself across the room and down the hallway whence the cry seemed to come.

In that instant, I saw a huge shadow quivering on the wall above me and before I could turn, a crushing blow fell upon my head. There was a burst of flame before my eyes, my sword slipped from my hand, I felt myself falling, falling, and all was black.

CHAPTER X.

Mere Fouchon Scores.

I awoke with a great pain in my eyes, and when I raised my hand to my head, I found that my hair was clotted with blood. A weight of iron seemed to burden every limb, and I groaned aloud as I tried to rise, and fell back again, palsied by the agony the movement cost me. I felt the wall behind me, and dragging myself to it with infinite suffering, I propped my back against it and looked about me. I could see nothing, for a veil of impenetrable darkness shut me in, and no single crevice admitted a ray of light. The wall against which I leaned was cold and slimy, and once or twice a drop of water fell upon my head.

How long I sat there I do not know, but finally, by a supreme effort, I got to my knees and then to my feet. Feeling along the wall, I advanced a step, two steps, three. And then something seemed to seize me by the wrist and hurl me backward. I lay still for a moment, half-dazed, not understanding what had happened. I put my hands to my waist and in an instant I comprehended. Around my waist, just above the hips, an iron band was clamped. At the back of the band was a hasp, through which a chain passed. I ran my hands along the chain. It was perhaps three feet in length, and the other end was fastened to the wall.

I suppose I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more until I was torn from the merciful grasp of sleep by a burning thrist, a thirst which tortured and maddened me I could feel my throat contracting; my tongue swelling in my throbbing mouth—my blood seemed to be aflame. I scraped my fingers over the reeking wall and sucked them for a bit of moisture. I held my mouth open, upward, in the hope that a drop of water might fall into it. I cursed aloud and jerked at my chain in an agony of desperation. At last, I fell exhausted against the wall, and sank into a troubled sleep, disturbed by hideous dreams.

When I opened my eyes again, I seemed stronger. The pain in my head was less intense, but my throat was still dry and parched and I felt hot and feverish. A chance motion of my hand brought it into contact with something on the floor beside me. I felt it cautiously. It seemed to be a vessel of some kind. I placed my fingers within it and found it full of water. With a gasp of thankfulness, I placed it to my lips and drank, trembling at the thought that had I turned in my sleep I might have upset it and spilled its precious contents.

Ah, how I drank! I swallowed in great gulps. I filled my mouth to bursting and allowed the blessed liquid to trickle slowly down my throat. I turned my head from side to side, that every portion of my gullet might be reached. I gloated over it as a miser over his gold, and at last with a sigh of utter content, set down the vessel empty.

The water ran through my veins like wine, and I arose to my feet, strong and invigorated. My eyes had grown somewhat accustomed to the darkness, and I could dimly perceive the wall stretching away on either side. And for the first time, I remembered—the search through the night, the opening of the door, Nanette's scream for help, the shadow on the wall—it flashed through my brain like lightning through a summer sky—I must escape, I must keep cool—and with set teeth I choked back the trembling that would have seized me.

The spasm passed, and with my fingers I carefully examined the iron belt tbout my waist. It was, I judged, three inches wide by half an inch in thickness. The ends which overlapped,(were provided with a series of teeth, which fitted together and were clamped into place by a lock. The ends had been pushed past each other until the belt was fitted close to my waist. I tried to work it down over my hips, but soon perceived that this could not be done. Clearly, if I ever left the place, nt would be with the belt about me.

I turned my attention to the hasp at the back. It was heavy and riveted through the belt. I examined the chain link by link, but found none that showed a sign of weakness. A heavy iron ring held it to the wall. How the ring was secured I could not tell, but I exerted all my strength against it and found I could not move it a hair's breadth. Certainly my captors had overlooked no detail that would tend to make me more secure. What fiendish ingenuity had devised this place of torture!

As I sat down again with a sign of discouragement, I heard a sharp click as of a spring released, a heavy door creaked back, and a woman appeared carrying a lantern. At a glance I recognized Mere Fouchon. Her face was illumined by a devilish joy as she looked about and saw me sitting there.

"Ho, ho," she laughed, "can this be the gallant who was going to spit me on his sword only the other morning?"

I did not answer, and she placed her lantern on the ground and sat down on a heap of dirt opposite me, but well out of reach, and rocked herself back and forth, and chuckled. I felt myself choking with rage.

"And the girl, too," she continued, after a moment, "the girl with the black hair and the little red mouth. She is called Nanette, is she not? What a shame that she should be crying her eyes out in the room just overhead!"

I ground my teeth together at the thought of my own impotence.

"Ah, curse!" she cried, "curse your heart out! Christ, how it gladdens my soul. Ho, ho!" and she rocked back and forth in a paroxysm of birth.

"Come," I said at last, mastering my anger as best I could. "Why are you doing all this?"

"For money," she answered gayly. "Ten thousand crowns, at the very least, Monsieur. It is a pretty sum, is it not?"

"Very pretty," I said. "Who is foolish enough to part with it?"

"Who but M. Jacques Ribaut, of the Rue des Moulins?" and the hag laughed more than ever.

"Ribaut?" I murmured, a great fear at my heart.

"Assuredly, Ribaut," and she leered at me horribly. "Perhaps M. Jean Briquet may pay a portion of it. 'Tis worth it to get such a bride, do you not think so Monsieur?—such a sweet bride, so soft, so young, so innocent—a jewel of a bride!"

"A bride," I groaned. "Speak out, woman, and tell me what you mean."

I thought she would choke with laughing.

"In two words, Monsieur," she gasped, so soon as she had regained her breath. "When once the terms are settled, which will be tomorrow, or perhaps even yet today, the girl will be delivered to her anxious and loving uncle, none the worse for her little visit here, where she is quite as safe as in your bed in the Rue du Chantre," and she paused again to catch her breath. "A day or two after that, M. Briquet will have the honor of leading her to the altar, whither, since she believes you dead, she will accompany him without resistance. And what a bride she will make—so plump, so warm, so rosy, so adorable! Ah, how I envy that happy man!" and she smacked her lips, like a glutton over a choice morsel.

I was pacing up and down the wall, I tore at my chain. In that moment, I would have sold my soul to get my fingers about her neck—scraggy, yellow, seamed—God, how I would have twisted it!

"You hag!" I said between my teeth. "You shall burn in hell for this. Pray God it may be I who send you there!"

She was screaming with laughter.

"Oh, oh," she gasped, "that I should have lived to see this! And he was going to kill me with that sword of his!"

Again she was forced to stop, and sat for some minutes rocking back and forth, shaking with laughter.

I glared at her and cursed her. If there be merit in curses that come from the very bottom of the soul, then is she damned eternally.

To Be Continued.

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF AUGUST

The Brilliance of Venus Increases Daily; Is Brightest on August 10th—The Conjunction of Mars and Saturn Interesting Speculation.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

THROUGHOUT this month the most striking and interesting object in the heavens is undoubtedly the beautiful planet Venus. For many weeks it has shown out so very brilliantly in the west that it must have attracted the attention of every observer, and no one who looked at it from time to time can have failed to notice how rapidly it has been running eastward and southward over the sky, and how it has ever been growing brighter. Its extraordinary brilliance was well illustrated in the early part of July, when in its eastward journey it passed very near the bright star, Regulus. Then this object, although it is the most brilliant of the stars in the bright group known as the Sickle, seemed very faint, indeed, when the far brighter Venus remained near it, and in contrast with the silvery whiteness of the planet the star was seen to shine with a distinctly bluish luster.

The Planet Venus.

Throughout August Venus will continue to shine out in the western sky, and each evening its brilliance increases until August 10, on which date it is highest of all. It is continually working its way farther southward among the stars, and also moving ever more slowly eastward, until on August 22 its eastward motion entirely ceases, and it begins to run very rapidly toward the sun. Not until September 15, however, will it pass to the west of the sun an enter the morning sky.

The possessor of a small telescope should not fail to examine this planet from time to time while it is leaving the evening sky. As it is now drawing rapidly nearer to us, he will see it apparently growing larger, but as the sunlit half of the planet is nearly all turned away from us, the shape of this world as he sees it during the next few weeks will seem to be that of a narrow crescent. He can easily see that this crescent is highest along its outer, rounded edge, while the inner edge is fainter and irregularly shaded. These shadings are the effect of twilight, and tell us clearly that out sister world has a deep atmosphere. The dark ball within the crescent is the part of the planet on which the sun is not shining; that is, the part usually invisible to us. But sometimes even this is dimly lighted by an indistinct and changing glow, whose cause is unknown to us, but which suggests the Northern lights of our own atmosphere.

As the end of the month draws near the crescent will grow rapidly narrower, and during the first two weeks of September it will become nothing but a silvery line, curved to the shape of a bow. On September 15 the planet will pass from the west to the east side of the sun. At this time it will not pass exactly between the earth and the sun, for then we would see the world as a round, dark dot moving across the bright sun's disc. This very rare and important phenomenon is known as a transit of Venus, but it will probably never be seen by anyone now living, for the next one will not occur until the year 2004. In the present year Venus, as seen from the earth, will pass about eight degrees below the sun. At this time the dark side of the planet is turned toward our earth, and so is invisible to us, but in a large telescope there may be seen a perfectly round little ring of light, which is the rim of atmosphere around the planet shining in the sunlight.

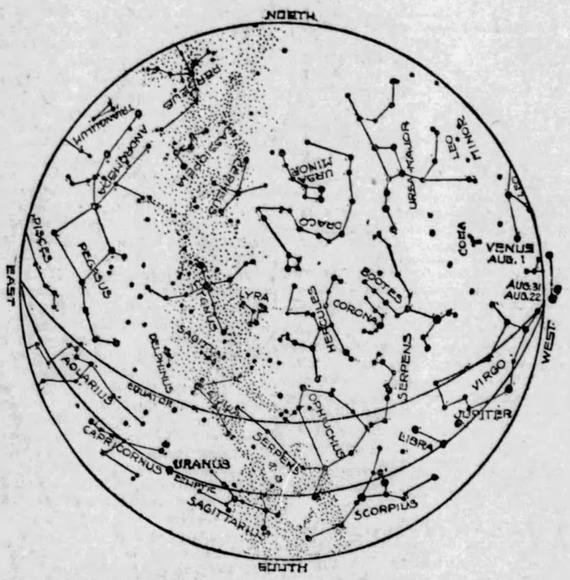

Figure 1. The Constellations, August 1, 9 p. m.
(If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold "East" below. If facing west hold "West" below. If facing north hold the map inverted.

These two bright and interesting planets are unfortunately still in the morning sky, and not until next October will it be possible to see them in the early evening. On August 1 Mars rises six hours, and on August 31 nearly seven hours, before sunrise. Readers who have looked at the southeastern heavens a few hours after midnight have doubtless noticed how rapidly the two worlds seem to be approaching one another, and on the morning of August 16 the Red Planet will be seen a little above, but very close to its more slowly-moving neighbor. The passage will occur while the two bodies are almost on the border line between the star groups of the Ram and the Bull. The planets will be separated by a distance less than two-thirds of the distance across the moon. In a small telescope both may be seen together; Mars with its reddish and greenish areas and its bright polar cap, and Saturn with its remarkable system of rings will form a most unusual and interesting field, while even to the naked eye the figure made by the two planets, both so bright and so differently colored, will be most striking.

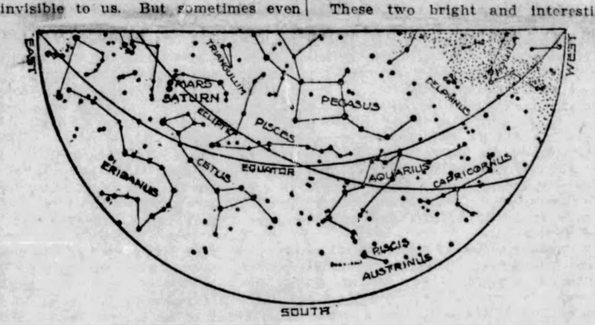

Figure 2. The southern heavens at 2 a. m., August 16, showing the very near approach of Mars and Saturn.

Figure 3. The great comet of 1861, showing an immense cloud of small particles which are being driven many millions of miles away from the head, partly by electrical action and partly by light pressure. In the same way it is supposed that the sun's light may expel minute particles of living matter from the atmosphere of our earth and other worlds.

The Other Planets.

Jupiter is still well up from the ground in the southwest, and forms a most interesting object for study but it is rapidly leaving the evening sky and cannot be well observed after this month.

Mercury will reach its greatest distance east of the sun on August 13 and for a few days before and after this date may be seen shining out in the twilight glow for a short time after sunset. It sets a very little north of the west point, and so must be looked for a short way up from the ground in a direction almost exactly west of the observer.

An Interesting Speculation.

Although the planets are the most striking and interesting objects in the sky to the beginner in the study of astronomy, yet he will find that the most enduring and absorbing interest is that furnished by the innumerable stars and nebulas and other wonderful things in the great star cloud around us. We must remember that our sun is only a very little star among the millions of other, almost infinitely distant stars, and that our world and the other seven planets are very minute objects which are very near to and revolve about our sun. We have explained in other of these monthly articles why it is now believed that very many and perhaps most of the other suns or stars also have worlds revolving around them. Our own little system of worlds is probably but one of many millions of systems, which so far no man has ever seen.

We cannot doubt that in the course of their slow development many of these distant worlds attain to a condition which fits them to become the abode of living creatures. A most interesting speculation has been recently advanced to explain how the beginnings of life may be transmitted from a living world to one which has become fitted to sustain life. It is, in brief, that excessively minute forms of life scattered through the atmosphere of one world may be driven out into outer space by Light Pressure, that is, by the action of the light waves in the ether, and that some of them may ultimately reach the other world and settle upon it and multiply there. Measures show that some living particles are small enough to be driven off in this way, and experiments seem to render it not impossible that they may even retain their vitality during their long journey through the cold of space. Thus all new discoveries bind together more closely the great worlds of the infinite universe of which we are a part.

Figure 4. Appearance of Venus at different times.

A Noble Woman Rewarded.

New York Tribune.

The honorary degree of master of arts bestowed by Yale university on Miss Mabel Boardman, is an appropriate recognition of services unselfishly given in prompting a humane enterprise, noble in conception and universal in character. Miss Boardman has labored most successfully to put the American Red Cross on a sound basis financially and to increase its moral resources and its usefulness. She has accomplished a notable work in a true spirit of patriotism and humanity.

Indians in European Dress.

Madras Weekly Mail.

A growing number of Indians are adopting European dress. For our own part we think this is very much to be regretted in itself. We wish Indians would retain their own easy and dignified dress and spare their money for simething more worth having than cheap and ugly imitations of European clothes.

In Shannagolden.

I'm back among the daisies,
I'm where the heather blooms,
Where every field a maez is
Of color and perfumes.
With treasure sweet and olden
The world is filled, it seems,
When I'm back in Shannagolden—
In my dreams.

When fires, at good St. John's eve,
On all the hills are seen,
In festive flower and fancy weave,
I'm dancing on the green,
The fire of friendships olden
Still warms me with its gleams
When I'm back in Shannagolden—
In my dreams.

I'm treading through its shadow
To a little thatch-roofed home
Beside the scented meadow
Where grazing cattle roam;
The place is quaint and olden,
But oh, how good it seems
To be back in Shannagolden—
Just in dreams!

I hear the "God-be-with-ye's,"
And for fifty years and more
That parting cry still issues
From loved ones on the shore,
Still, as in days of olden.
Like incense sweet it streams,
When I'm leaving Shannagolden—
In my dreams.

—Mary D. Johnston in Kansas City Journal.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Vale Unexpectedly Appears.

Edouard, Ashton-Kirk's cook, was astonished and somewhat grieved that day to receive orders that dinner was to be served an hour earlier than usual. And Stumph, grave and immobile, was betrayed into an expression of astonishment when his master and guest sat down to the same dinner in their work-a-day attire.

And at best Edouard's delicate art that day received but scant attention. Stumph could hardly conceive of a more important thing than the proper and gentlemanly eating of one's dinner. Nevertheless other things engaged the attention of the two young men; they talked earnestly and in incomprehensible terms; mysterious allusions were sprinkled thickly through it all.

"I do not think," Stumph told the mortified Edouard in the kitchen, "that Mr. Pendleton has tasted the flavor of a single thing he has eaten. He listens to Mr. Ashton-Kirk talk; he is surprised at everything that he is told; there is a trembling in his hands, he is so eager. No, I don't know what it's about. But then, I never know what Mr. Ashton-Kirk is about. He is a very remarkable gentleman."

And no sooner was the dinner completed than Ashton-Kirk's big French car was brought to the door and both young men got into it.

"You've looked up the road to Cordova?" inquired Ashton-Kirk of the chauffeur.

"Yes, sir," answered the man. "Very good road and almost parallel with the railroad. No trouble getting there by dark."

"All right. Get there as soon as you can."

They cut into a broad asphalted avenue, which eventually led them through the north suburbs into the country. The April dust was settling upon the fields as they raced along; in the isolated houses lights were beginning to twinkle; there was a swaying among the trees and roadside bush; the hum of the flying car must have been borne long distances; for far away people raised their heads from the finishing tasks of the day to look at it as it flashed by.

Pendleton lay back comfortably digesting his dinner, and ticking off in his mind the case which engrossed him so much.

"It all tapers down to this," he said to himself. "Hume was murdered by Locke and a confederate in order that they might gain possession of something, the nature of which is unknown. Kirk is confident of Locke; I think he'd even go so far as to give him into custody if he had the tangible proofs that the police require.

"But he lacks enthusiasm in the matter of the confederate. To my mind it's Spatola or Morris, or both. Both bore Hume no good will. Morris has been spending at least a part of his time with Spatola under an assumed name; they are known to have been very much engaged in some secret matter. Both visited Hume's on the night of the murder. An Italian purchased the weapon with which the deed was done. A German sentence was written in shorthand by Locke for his confederate. Spatola admits he knows German; he grows suspicious when shorthand is mentioned. And to wind up, Morris has not been seen at his apartments, his office, or by his friends, since the murder was committed."

At a little unpainted railroad station the investigator broke in on Pendleton's reflections by calling on the chauffeur to stop. There were the usual signs on each side of the structure, announcing that the place was Cordova; and there was the usual knot of loungers that are always to be found about such places watching with interest the incoming trains.

Ashton-Kirk called to one of these. He was a lanky fellow in a wide-brimmed hat and with a sheep-like look of complacency.

"What's the best way to Dr. Mercer's place?" asked Ashton-Kirk.

The lanky man reflected.

"There's three or four ways of getting there," he stated. "You can go up the pike and turn at Harbison's store; or you can turn down the lane along there a piece and go along until you come to—"

"Which is the nearest?"

"Ain't never passed no judgment on that; but I think the clay road down toward Plattville would get you there quickest—if you didn't get stuck in the ruts."

"I think we'd better stick to the pike," suggested Pendleton.

"The pike's the best road," said the lanky man. "All the people from Mercer's place use it when they drive here to the station."

Once more the big French car, now with its lamps lighted, sped along the road; about a mile further on they came to the store referred to by the man as Harbison's. Here they received instructions as to how to proceed by the storekeeper; and after running about four miles along an indifferent wagon road, they caught the twinkle of many lights off in the middle of a wide clearing.

"That must be it," said the investigator. "We'll leave the car here; to flash up to the door in the quiet of the evening would attract more attention than would be good for us, perhaps."

It was now quite dark, but they found a gate a trifle farther on which opened readily; and so they proceeded along a walk toward a building which lay blinking at them with its yellow eyes. A deep-throated dog scented them from off in the distance and gave tongue. As they drew near the institution they heard a man calling to the brute to be still. A little further on the man himself suddenly appeared from around the corner of a building with a lantern; he flashed this in their faces as he said:

"Well, sirs, this is against the rules. We have no visitors except on Saturdays; and then only within reasonable hours."

"We would like to speak to Dr. Mercer," said Ashton-Kirk.

"Dr. Mercer is at dinner," explained the man with the lantern. "He don't like it much if he's disturbed at such times."

"We will wait until he has finished; we are in no great hurry."

The man seemed puzzled as to how to act. With the light held aloft so that not a feature escaped him, he examined them closely. Apparently he could see nothing with which to find fault; and so he sighed in a perplexed fashion.

"He does not care to have people wait for him," complained the man. "He gets very angry if he is worried by such things while dining."

"You need not announce us until he is through," said Ashton-Kirk, composedly.

The man hesitated; but finally resolved upon a course and led them up a flight of stone steps and into a wide hall. The night was raw and a brisk fire of pine knots burning in an old-fashioned hall fireplace, made the place very comfortable.

"If you will be seated, gentlemen," requested their guide, "I will tell Dr. Mercer of your presence as soon as he has finished."

They seated themselves obligingly in a couple of low, heavy chairs near the fire; and then the man left them. The hall was high and rather bare, the hardwood floor shone brilliantly under the lights; save for the faint murmur of voices from a near-by room, everything was still.

"I should imagine that a place of this sort wouldn't be at all noisy," observed Pendleton, in a heavy attempt at jocularity.

Except for a word now and then, they waited in silence for a half hour; then a door opened and steps were heard in the hall. Both turned and saw a remarkably small man, perhaps well under five feet, dressed with great care and walking with a quick nervous step. His head was very large and partly bald, rearing above his small frame like a great, bare dome; he carried a silk hat in his hand, and peered abstractedly through spectacles of remarkable thickness.

"Locke," breathed Pendleton, as his heart paused for a moment and then went on with a leap.

The little man apparently did not see them until he was almost beside them; then he paused with a start, and his eyes grew owlish behind the magnifying lenses as he strove to make them out. That he did not recognize them seemed to worry him; his thin, gray face seemed to grow grayer and thinner; with a diffident little bow he passed on and out at the front door.

"Not a very formidable looking criminal," commented Ashton-Kirk, quietly. "However, you can seldom judge by appearances. The most astonishing crime that ever came to my notice was perpetrated by the meekest and most conventional man I had ever seen."

They waited for still another space, and then the man who had shown them in presented himself. He was now without the lantern, but wore a melancholy look.

"Dr. Mercer will see you," said he in a low voice. "He is very much vexed at being disturbed. He'll remember it against me for weeks." He appeared very much disturbed.

Ashton-Kirk placed a coin in the speaker's hand; this seemed to have a bracing effect, for he led them into his employer's presence in a brighter frame of mind. Dr. Mercer was seated at the table in his dining room. A napkin was tucked in his collar; his fat hands were folded across his

John Bull's Great Empire

The results of the first attempt in a long time to take even a partial census of China place the British empire easily first in the world in population. It has long been far ahead of all others in area.

There are more than 400,000,000 people living under the union jack. Just how many more it is impossible to say, because not even the determined and resourceful British colonial department has ever undertaken to count the savages who live in British territory in Africa.

But with fully 380,000,000 human beings living in India, the British Isles, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, it is evident that the total for the empire must be well past the 400,000,000 mark. The population of British Africa is estimated—where it is not counted—as carefully as possible and much of it is covered by detailed census enumerations. It is not under 23,000,000, and it may be 30,000,000 or more.

There are other British possessions which have quite a large population in the aggregate. The British West Indies — Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes and other islands—contain more than 1,000,000 people. British Guiana is worth putting in the tables, and at the opposite side of the earth, Singapore, the Malay states, British Borneo, British New Guiena and many islands in the Pacific ocean must be included. Hong Kong and Mauritius should not be overlooked.

It is probable that the total population of the British empire is not less than 410,000,000. It may exceed that number by several millions. It cannot fall below 400,000,000, and it is more likely to be about 420,000,000.

On the other hand, the population of the Chinese empire proves to have been exaggerated by about 90,000,000 or 100,000,000. It is not more than 330,000,000 or thereabouts. It may not exceed 320,000,00.

The proof is conclusive, in the light of recent census returns, that the British empire is the largest in the world in population by about 80,000,000 or 85,000,000. The margin over the Chinese empire in the number of the inhabitants is not less than 25 per cent.

In area the difference between John Bull's empire and the Russian is about 2,800,000 square miles, or more than 30 per cent. There is no other empire in the world, or any country under one government, which approaches either the British or the Russian in extent.

In population Asia contributes nearly four times as much to the bulk of the British empire as any other continent does. Europe is second. America falls below Africa, but leads Australia by a comfortable margin. The continent in which the British territory is so small that it is of very little interest or importance is South America.

The comparison of areas gives very different results. North America, with only a little more than two per cent of the population of the empire, has about 33 per cent of its land surface. Asia, with 80 per cent of the people living under the British flag, has only about 16 per cent of its area. But the part of the British empire which is in Europe is the most populous of all in proportion to its extent.

Africa is behind Australia as a factor in the area of the British empire, but far ahead in population. South America, least in its share in the vast British realm, is also at the bottom in the population which it contributes to the total for the empire.

If the whole empire were like Australia in the proportion between area and inhabitants, the population of the vast realm under the British flag would be only about 18,000,000. On the other hand, if it were possible to fill the empire with human life as densely as the British Isles are populated there would be fully 4,000,000,000 persons in it, or nearly three times the present population of the earth.

HOW TO SUCCEED

During the last few years, conditions in all lines of business, even professional life, have changed so completely that every man is waking up to the fact that in order to win success he must specialize and learn to do some one thing and do it well.

So it is with any article that is sold to the people. It must have genuine merit or no amount of advertising will maintain the demand for the article.

For many years we have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy. From the very beginning the proprietors had so much confidence in it that they invited every one to test it, free of cost, before purchasing.

It is a physician's prescription.

They have on file thousands of letters received from former sufferers who are now enjoying good health as a result of its use.

However, if you wish first to try a sample bottle, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. They will gladly forward you a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free.

Regular sizes for sale at all druggists—50 cents and $1.

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stomach, and he was breathing heavily.

"Gentlemen," spoke he, rolling his eyes around to them, "I trust you will pardon my not rising. But to exert myself after dining has a most injurious result sometimes. My digestion is painfully impaired; the slightest excitement causes me the utmost suffering."

"I appreciate the fact that we are intruding at a most inconvenient time," said Ashton-Kirk. "And I beg of you to accept of our apologies."

The eyes of Dr. Mercer, which had the appearance of swimming in fat, were removed from his visitors, and fixed themselves longingly upon a great dish filled with a streaming, heavy-looking pudding. His breath labored in his chest as he replied:

"The hour is somewhat unusual; but as it happens I have about finished my dinner, and if your errand is not of a stirring nature, I should be pleased to have you state it."

The man placed chairs in such a position that the doctor would not have to stir to fully observe his visitors. This done he was about to withdraw; but his employer stopped him at the door.

"Haines," complained he, "you have not taken my order for breakfast."

The man paused and seemed much abashed at his neglect.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," said he. And with that he produced a pencil and a small notebook and stood ready.

"I will have one of those trout that I purchased today," directed the doctor. "Let it be that large, fine one that I was so pleased with," his swimming eyes ready to float out of his head with anticipation. "Then I would like some newlaid eggs, some hot cakes and perhaps a small piece of steak, if there is any that is tender and tasty. And mind you," in a nervous afterthought, "tell Mrs. Crane to have it but rarely done. I will not tolerate it dry and without flavor." He pondered awhile, apparently much moved by this painful possibility; then he added; "I may as well have a cereal to begin with, I suppose. And that will be all with the exception of a few slices from the cold roast and some white rolls."

Carefully Haines had taken this down, and after he had read it over at his employer's order and noted a few alterations and additions, he departed. For a few moments the doctor's eyes were closed in expectant rapture; his breathing grew so stentorous that his callers were becoming alarmed; but he spoke at last, reluctantly, resentfully.

"I am now ready to hear you, gentlemen, if you please. And kindly remember that I prohibit anything of an exciting nature at this time."

"We have heard your school highly spoken of," said Ashton-Kirk. "And have come to make some inquiries before making up our minds."

"Ah," breathed Dr. Mercer, solemnly, "you have an afflicted one. Too bad! Tut, tut, tut, too bad!"

"There are many institutions of the sort," proceeded the investigator. "But for the most part they stop at the threshold, so to speak, of knowledge."

Dr. Mercer roused himself so far as to unclasp his hands and point with one finger at the speaker.

"Sir," said he, in a voice full of grave significance, "they seldom reach the threshold. A large majority of them are conducted by dishonest persons. Afflicted youth left in their charge are rarely properly directed—they rarely acquire that digital dexterity so necessary to success in their limited lives. The isolated brain, so to call it, is seldom more than half awakened. Unless it is intelligently approached, the shadows are never thoroughly dispelled."

Here he paused, panting distressedly; his eyes were filled with reproach as he relapsed into his first attitude; and his manner was that of one who mutely begged that no further tasks be thrust upon him.

"The difference in institutions of this type lies mainly in the methods employed, I believe," said Ashton-Kirk.

"In the methods—and in the persons who apply them," replied Dr. Mercer in a smothered tone.

"To be sure. I have heard something of your teaching staff. It is a very excellent one, is it not?"

"The best in the world." The soft, fat, white hands of the doctor again unclasped themselves; and this time both of them were employed in a faintly traced gesture. "We employ scientists. We do not stop at what you have correctly called the threshold. We explore the entire structure of the intellect. Our Professor Locke, himself an afflicted one, is a man of vast erudition—a scholar of an advanced type, a philosopher whose adventures into the field of psychology and natural science is widely known. He has charge of the practical work of the Mercer Institute, and under him its results are postive and unique."

"We have heard of Professor Locke," and, drily, "have seen some of his work."

"If you had stated your business before—ah—coming in to me," spoke the doctor, "you might have had an opportunity of consulting him. He left for his cottage immediately after dining."

"He does not live here, then?"

"Not in this building—no. There is a detached cottage at the far end of the grounds which he occupies. If you'd like to see him," and the heavy jowls of the speaker trembled with eagerness, "Haines will show you there at once."

"If it is no trouble," said Ashton-Kirk, smoothly.

"Not in the least." The doctor rang for his man, and when he entered, said: "These gentlemen would like to speak to Professor Locke. Show them the way to his house. And, gentlemen," to the callers, with anxiety, "the professor can arrange everything with you. It is my habit to nod for a half hour after dinner. My system has grown to expect it, and if I am deprived of it, I suffer considerably in consequence."

"We will not trouble you again, doctor," Ashton-Kirk assured him. "Thank you, and good-night."

Once more outside, the man led them along a foot-path that seemd to cut the institution grounds in two. The rays of his lantern danced along the carefully kept lawn; the shadowy trees seemed to move backward and forward, as the thin beams wavered among them.

"The professor lives a good piece away," the man informed them. "Away over on the county road."

"Prefers to be alone, eh?"

"I suppose so, sir. And then he has his laboratory and workshop there, well away from interruption. He don't like to be much disturbed while he is engaged in his studies."

"Few of us do," said Pendleton.

"Quite right, sir."

They walked along in silence for a time; then they caught a clear humming noise from some distance ahead.

"A motor car," said Pendleton.

"It's on the county road," said the man with the light. "We always hear them when the wind blows from that direction."

After some 15 minutes' steady walking they saw a long twinkling shaft of light coming from among the trees.

"That's the house," said Haines. "I hope the professor ain't busy; you wouldn't believe what a blowing up he can give a body with his fingers when he's vexed. I'd almost rather have the doctor himself; though, as a rule, the professor is a very nice gentleman."

The house was a brick structure of two stories and dimly lighted on the lower floor. Near by was a long, shed-like building, the windows of which were brilliantly lighted.

"He's at work," said Haines, in a troubled tone. "And in the shop, too! If it was even the laboratory, it wouldn't be so bad. But he does get so interested in the shop. That machine means more to him, whatever it is, than anything else about the place."

There came a harsh burring sound from within both the shop and the house. Haines seemed surprised.

"Visitors," he said. "He seldom has one; and I never knew any to come at night before."

They saw the figure of Locke cross one of the shed windows toward a door. And just then Ashton-Kirk stumbled rather heavily against Haines; the lantern dropped to the ground and was extinguished.

"I beg your pardon" said the investigator in a rueful tone; then he began to rub his shins. "That was rather hard, whatever it was."

The door of the building opened and Locke appeared; his great bald head shone in the light that streamed after him; and it was thrust forward as he strove to pentrate the darkness ahead.

"He feels the vibrations of those buzzers," Haines told them, "and knows right away when anyone wants to get in."

He began fumbling with the lantern as Locke disappeared; but Ashton-Kirk said to him:

"You need not light that. We can see very well. And, on second thought, you need not wait, either. We can introduce ourselves to Professor Locke without troubling you further."

"Thank you, sir," said the man, vastly relieved. 'They all have queer dispositions, you see, and I don't like to trouble them."

At once Haines made his way back along the path by which they had approached; some distance away they saw him kindle his lantern, and then watched the yellow spark as it glanced fitfully away across the grounds.

The cottage and workshop of Professor Locke appeared to be set back some little distance from what Haines had called the county road; a grove of tall trees thickened the shadows all about, and it was into these trees that the professor had gone.

"The buzzer must have the button that sounds it attached to a gate opening upon the road," said Pendleton.

They stood for a short time in silence; then Pendleton nudged his friend with an elbow.

"Look," he whispered. "There at the door of the shed."

Ashton-Kirk did so. And he was just in time to see a large, iron-gray head, a craggy, powerful face, and a pair of thick shoulders; the expressioin and attitude were those of a man listening intently. Almost instantly, as Ashton-Kirk's gaze fell upon him, the man withdrew.

"Humph," exclaimed Pendleton under his breath. "Who's that, I wonder?"

They waited for some time longer in silence. But, the little man did not return, nor did the head appear again at the shop door. Ashton-Kirk appeared puzzled.

(To be Continued.)

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5523—Ladies' House Dress.

A simple dress which may be made of any wash material or of brilliantine, panama or other washable woolen goods.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

5518—Misses' Dress.

Simple and neat, with a tuck at each shoulder and a skirt with panel front and back, this dress may be made of linen, pongee, cheviot or cashmere.

The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material.

5424—Ladies' Waist.

A tailor-made style suitable for fine French or Scotch flannels, satin, linen or pongee and also for other materials of good body. The waist closes in front in ornamental outline.

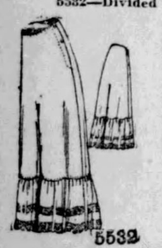
The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material.

5260—Child's Dress.

This novel frock has a seamless shoulder, the yoke forming a little waist to which the yoke is attached. Lawn, batiste, organdie and challis will make up nicely in this style.

The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

5532—Divided Underskirt.



In reality this garment is merely a very long pair of closed drawers closing at the sides and intended for wear under the tight skirts today. They are made of all lining materials, including silk.

The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

5308—Girls' Guimpe Dress.

Kimono shoulders are here combined with a plain waist and kilt skirt. The guimpe may be worn or not as desired, and may be of contrasting fabric.

The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

4353—Misses' Dress.

A pretty model for linen, gingham, pongee and light weight woolen materials. The princess panel and the square neck are thoroughly up to date features.

The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material.

2726—Shirred Kimono.

Excellent for thin materials, as the full shirred fronts and backs give grace to the garment. Suitable for lawn, crepe, challis and other soft fabrics.

The pattern is cut in size, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material.

5515—Ladies' Waist.

An absolutely plain waist with the plain Quaker collar and cuffs to give it distinction. Suitable materials are messaline, foulard, linen, pongee, gingham, etc.

The pattern is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

5334—Ladies' Five Gore Skirt.

This skirt is cut with either high or normal waistline, and is suitable for serge, cheviot, linen, gingham and other materials.

The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

5516—Girls' Dress.

A dainty model for organdie, swiss, lawn and other soft fabrics. The kimono shoulder is emphasized by the tucks grouped in the centre of front and back.

The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

5529—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

Cut in the new manner, with seamless shoulder and having a short peplum, three-quarter sleeves and a turnover collar.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

I would like to have some reader tell me how to clean clam shells and make them white.—C., Le Mars, Iowa.

I have some wool in the same condition as it was when taken from the sheep's back. I would like to know how to wash it so as to make it nice and soft for filling comforts, etc.

Also I would like to know what kind of a fly or insect lays the eggs from which Buffalo moths are hatched.—H., Mt. Gilead, O.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give a remedy to cure my horse? He staggers, and sometimes nearly falls His breast is also swollen a little.—G., Blaides, Pa.

I want a recipe for preserving wine grapes in sugar, and would be very thankful for information on this.—P., Normandy, Tenn.

How much red clover should be planted by itself to the acre? How would it do to harrow a meadow well and re-sow it with a peck of timothy seed to the acre? I would like some reader to answer the question for me.—M., Mason, W. Va.

Will some Farmstead reader tell me how to kill Canada thistles?—W., Brookville, O.

I have two April pigs and there is something the matter with them. Generally while standing in the afternoon they will give a little grunt and then their hind parts settle down, so that their legs drag. Some times they stand for a short time with backs hollowed down. I am feeding them milk from one cow and a few middlings in water. They seem to eat well. I wish some reader would give me the cause and remedy for their ailment.—W., West Chazy, N. Y.

GRAPE WINE

C., Maynardville, Tenn.—You can make good grape wine by following this method: First, pick the grapes from the bunches and wash in water being sure to drain well. Set aside two measures of grapes to one of sugar in a stone jar for six weeks or longer. Then strain and put in bottles. It is not necessary to seal the bottles for the wine will keep anyway. —W., Litchfield, Ill.

BREAKING THE COLT

A well broken young horse is worth from $25 to $50 more than one which has never been handled or worked. If taken in time the colt may be gradually trained, or broken, so that when it arrives at maturity it will move off like an old horse and never need what is popularly known as breaking.

A horse, like a child, learns by slow degrees. It cannot become used to and absorb everything in a day. Owing to this fact the training of the colt should begin when the animal is very young.

Place a small halter on it when it is only a few days old. At first it need not be tied, but after a few times of haltering it may be tied to the harness of its mother, where it will feel more satisfied. Later it may be tied in the stall, and then finally away from her.

Always use a halter that fits neatly and strong enough in every way to securely hold the young animal. To teach the colt to lead halter it and lead it beside its mother first, afterwards by itself. Allow it to walk and go almost anywhere it chooses during the first lesson in leading, the main object in this first training being the teaching it the feel of the halter.

Always halter the young colt in a safe place, where it cannot become twisted up in the strap or rope and injure itself during your absence.

At an early age place a small collar on its neck and parts of harness on its back, and it will become used to the sensation of wearing the harness.

After the colt is 1 or 2 years old, it must be worked with in a similar manner every few weeks. When it is 2 years old it may be haltered and tied in the stall and allowed to wear a collar for half a day at a time. Treat it gently but firmly.

VEAL CALVES

It never should be done, yet it is said that some dairymen kill all of their calves as soon as they are born. Meat animals of all kinds at the present time bring a good price on any market. Good veal calves almost anywhere will bring from 8 cents to 12 cents a pound, live weight. The last one we shipped to the wholesale commission market brought 11½ cents a pound. After expressage and commission were deducted, the calf netted us about $10 per hundredweight, which is more than any other meat animals outside of poultry will command. There is good money in feeding any animal during the young growing period when it will bring 10 cents a pound on foot within a few weeks.

First of all, the veal calf weighs from 40 to 70 pounds when it is born. This weight is clear gain. Again, the cows' milk for the first three or four days is not fit for human use, and it is the very thing for starting the calf into good growth. The veal calf, then, is 3 or 4 days old and in good growing condition before it has cost anything to speak of. The only very valuable food it consumes is the cow's whole milk for about three weeks of its life. By the end of the third week skim milk can be substituted for whole milk and the veal calf will turn skim milk into money faster than with any other use to which it can be put.

The calf will do some better on whole milk than on skim milk. The fat in the milk will make it fat, plump and in fine finish for market. For this reason the calf sold for veal should be fed more whole milk than the one kept for milk or breeding purposes. When the calf is 4 or 5 weeks old, it will eat some hay, shelled corn and ground feeds. If these are given daily in connection with the milk diet veal can be produced cheaply.

NAIL PRICKS

The South Dakota station has been devoting special attention to the treatment of hoof injuries in horses, especially nail pricks.

Nail pricks in the horse's hoof very frequently cause lockjaw. Even slight injuries in this quarter, owing to the formation of the hoof and the fact that the wound is constantly in contact with the dirt, are accompanied with pus formation. The pus being imprisoned in the wound, presses upon the sensitive structures, causing lameness. The character of the lameness thus produced varies somewhat with the portion of the foot which is affected.

The method of treating these cases is as follows: A twitch is placed on the horse's nose, the foot is then thoroughly cleansed with soap and water, after which the horn is freely cut away from around the affected point until by the oozing of blood it is positive that all under-run portions of the horn have been removed.

The foot is then washed in a solution of mercuric bichloride 1-500, a piece of absorbent cotton is saturated in a solution of the same strength and applied so as to cover the wound; another piece of cotton of sufficient size to cover the entire foot is then soaked in the same solution and firmly bandaged over the foot, allowing a part of the cotton to extend above the bandage; a thick coating of tar is then applied over all.

The tar serves to retain the bandage in place, and, of more importance, prevents any germ-laden dirt or moisture from reaching the wound. On account of the cotton extending over the handage it is an easy matter to pour a 1-500 solution of bichloride of mercury into the top of the bandage and rely upon its reaching the entire foot.

Frequently this application of bichloride (1-500) is made by means of a rubber bulb syringe, the end of which is introduced between the cotton and the foot. This dressing is to be left in place for from seven to ten days without being disturbed.

At the end of this time the dressing is to be removed, and if any pus is still present the bandage is to be applied as before; otherwise the foot should be washed with a 1-500 bichloride solution, thoroughly dried, and then dusted with a powder consisting of equal parts of iodoform and tannic acid. The same powder is freely applied to a piece of cotton and the foot again bandaged and coated with tar.

The foot is then left undisturbed for two weeks. At the end of this time another dressing of idoform and tannic acid may be made if necessary. As a rule, however, little need be done at this time except to provide some protection to the newly forming horn. This may be accomplished by means of a leather sole placed underneath the shoe.

The keynote of success in following this method of treatment lies in the complete removal of all portions of horn that have become under-run with pus, and the thorough cleansing of the foot.

MIXED FERTILIZER

It is an easy matter to make a home-mixed fertilizer. All that is needed is a tight floor, a square pointed shovel and a sand screen such as is used by the masons. This screen can easily be made from ordinary wire netting, of one-quarter to one-eighth inch mesh, fastened to a wooden frame. A good size is 30 inches wide by about six inches long.

To mix the fertilizer spread the phosphate material on the floor in an even layer. Scatter evenly over this the muriate of potash, and on top of this the nitrate of soda. Begin at one end, and cutting down through the mass shovel the material through the screen, moving the screen ahead as may be needed. The larger particles which do not go through the screen can usually be easily crushed with the back of the shovel. The materials should be shoveled three times through the screen, when they will be as thoroughly mixed as the average commercial brand.

A large number of different materials are used by the different manufacturers, but almost any formula on the market can be duplicated by the use of four of the most desirable fertilizing materials, as follows:

Acid phosphate, containing 14 to 16 per cent phosphoric acid; steamed bone meal, containing 25 to 28 per cent phosphoric acid; nitrate of soda, containing 18 per cent ammonia; muriate of potash, containing 50 per cent potash.

Steamed bone meal also contains about two per cent ammonia. Write to the state board of agriculture and ask for a copy of the 1910 report on commercial fertilizers. This report gives a list of the dealers who sell the above material.

Wheat responds to liberal fertilizing. Most farmers make the mistake of using too little fertilizer to get the best results. The best returns at the Ohio experiment station are being obtained from an application of 400 pounds of 4-10-4 fertilizer. That is, one containing 4 per cent nitrogen, 10 per cent phosphoric acid, and 4 per cent potash. The first cost of this application will seem high to many, but the wheat has paid a handsome profit on its use.

Director Thorne recommends the following mixture for wheat: Seven hundred pounds steamed bone meal; 900 pounds acid phosphate; 120 pounds muriate of potash; 280 pounds nitrate of soda.

This mixture analyzes about 3.4-15-3. If manure has been used, or if the ground is well supplied with nitrogen, the following mixture will be found necessary: 1,600 pounds acid phosphate; 160 pounds muriate of potash; 240 pounds nitrate of soda.

This makes a 2-11-4 mixture. Either of the above fertilizers should be used at the rate of 300 to 400 pounds per acre.

A series of experiments by the Ohio experiment station show that it is not only possible to mix fertilizers at home at a saving in cost, but that the home-mixed goods actually give better yields than factory-mixed brands of the same analysis.—Alfred Vevian.

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS

A word should be said regarding the general use of commercial fertilizer on clayey soil. Fertilizers as ordinarily put on the market are used almost entirely for their immediate use effect on the crop, and usually on lands that are not giving a satisfactory return without them. While this is perfectly justifiable for the renter or the man who must have an immediate crop, such fertilizers have little effect on permanently increasing productiveness. In fact, it usually occurs that such a use of fertilizers tends rather to depletion of fertility than to the building up of the land, since a man is apt to grow too much corn and other grains, depending alhumus is rapidly depleted thus rebring a yield. Such a practice ignores the important principle, and with the larger amount of grain grown the humus is rapidly depleted thus resulting in an injury to the land. The proper use of commercial fertilizers for the man who desires to maintain the fertility of his land is only in connection with the best system of crop rotation, and manuring and of legume growing that he can practice. Under such a plan their use will not only be remunerative, but they will never injure the soil.

The value of applying lime to this class of soil, according to experiments is sufficient to warrant its use, especially for its effect on clover. The best form to apply under ordinary conditions is ground limestone, which may be secured at about $3 per ton in car lots at the crusher. It should be applied at the rate of from one to two tons per acre once in every six or eight years, and it is best put on immediately after plowing the land for a crop, preferably corn, scattering it with an end gate seeder or with a special lime distributer. It will usually be best to harrow the land once after plowing before scattering the lime, so that a wagon will run over the land readily. The further preparation of the seed bed will work the lime into the soil.

In an experimental way practically any sort of lime that is available may be used. Air slacked lime may frequently be had in sufficient quantities for trail purposes, and it is also perfectly feasible to slack lime to a powder and use this. There is some danger with seeds, but where it is broadcasted and worked into the soil as above mentioned this is of no consequence. The idea of applying lime to this soil is not to give a stimulation to the land, but simply to keep it sweet.

FATTENING SWINE

Corn, as is well known, has always been the standard food for hogs.

It has been the basis of a majority of rations for growing and fattening swine, and in some sections of the country often makes up the whole ration. This, however, has been found unprofitable and would be especially so with corn at the present price. Aside from this, corn alone is too fattening a food for growing pigs and it is necessary to supplement it with one or more of the many feeds rich in protein in order to bring about growth and bone development. Of these highly nitrogenous feeds tankage has been found to be one of the best for balancing up the swine ration and is rapidly gaining in favor with the pork producer. Middlings is another important feed to be considered by the swine grower. In fact, it has come to have an unsurpassed reputation for hog breeding, especially for young animals in the early stage of fattening.

The Wisconsin experiment station has done some work in the way of comparing corn and middlings. It was found that when the two were used together in the same rations gains were produced 20 per cent more economically than with middlings alone, and also that middlings were a more profitable feed than corn when fed alone.

It is usually the case that when feeds are combined properly they make a more palatable feed and one that can be fed with the least waste of material and energy and produce the best effects upon the carcass. This is the problem the producer has to face.

SHEEP WITH CATTLE

It is generally considered that cattle do not do well with sheep in the same pasture, because of the sheep cropping the grass so close that the cattle cannot get enough. However, the sheep suffer nothing from being in the same pasture with cattle.

On the general farm, or stock farm, with several pastures that can be used in rotation, sheep will be of no disadvantage to the cattle, but on the other hand they may be of benefit to them in making pastures.

There are no better animals kept on the American farm for making good pastures than sheep, when the pastures and sheep are handled with intelligence. Our average pastures do not yield half the feed they are capable of yielding, because of lack of fertility and from the presence of weeds and brush to crowd out the useful grasses.

Sheep furnish the very best of pasture fertilizer in their droppings, which are small and do not smother grasses, and also they are scattered very evenly over the surface of the land, which is not the case with droppings from horses and cattle.

If sheep and cattle both are kept on the same farm the sheep should be pastured in the field where there are most weeds and brush. After the sheep have eaten down the pasture it should then be given a rest and allowed to grow up for a few weeks, when the cattle may be turned into it.

In the meantime the sheep are to be pastured in some other field where they will destroy objectionable vegetable growth, and this field in turn allowed to grow up for a few weeks, when the cattle may be turned into it. From this pasture the sheep may be turned into the one the cattle occupied when the sheep were in the first pasture and thus in rotation, the cattle following the sheep and the sheep the cattle, allowing a few weeks' rest for each pasture.

For such a rotation of cattle and sheep pasture, at least four pasture fields will be needed. If you have but one pasture field, divide it into four fields by the use of cross-fences.

Change of pasture is good for all animals, especially with sheep, and you will find that by change and rotation the same area of pasture land will grow more grass and all of the animals pastured will be healthier.

The time is now at hand when the practical and scientific handling of pasture lands on our farms will demand more attention than in former years and much greater profits will be made from pasture fields.

In many hilly sections there are now many thousands and perhaps millions of acres of excellent pasture lands, which are capable of producing millions of dollars' worth of the best forage grasses. A friend of the writer, a doctor by profession, purchased a very hilly piece of land near his town. Everybody laughed at him for the foolishness of investing money in such worthless brush and steep hills, but they do not laugh now. The doctor had the piece of land cleared of brush, sowed a little blue grass seed on the land, and then fenced it and turned in sheep. It is now by far the best pasture land in that region, being covered with a dense sod of the best blue grass, and the entire area is as clean as the best kept lawn. Sheep made it so.

A good ration for sheep when not on pasture is corn stover, clover hay, thrashed oats or wheat bran, and shelled corn. Ewes in the latter part of winter should have more of the clover hay and oats and less of the other feeds, while the other sheep may be fed more corn and roughage. All sheep need more nitrogenous feeds, such as oats for growing the coat of wool.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

HOG CHOLERA

During July and August we may expect to hear of a great deal of hog cholera in the corn belt. While much of the trouble will really be hog cholera, it is probable that a great deal more will be diseases that can be traced to improper feeding and care of the young shoats.

Get the animals used to the new crop of corn by beginning as soon as possible to feed them a few green stalks. No matter if the corn is not yet in the tassel, start in by feeding a stalk to each pig once a day. At the end of a month increase to two stalks. In this way the hogs will become used to the new corn before it becomes necessary to feed them heavily on it.

Everything should be kept perfectly clean. Fill all depressions in the pasture and pens to prevent the accumulation of water. There is nothing that assists an outbreak of hog disease more than a wallow filled with filthy water. Dust should not be allowed to accumulate in the pens and houses. Germs hide in it, and when a little moisture reaches the dust they multiply. Dust also enters the hog's bronchial tubes and causes serious trouble there.

The feeding of sour slops should not be thought of at this time of the year. This causes a derangement of the organs of digestion, so weakening the system that it is more difficult to resist disease.

CARE OF DUCKS

The first feed, when the ducks are 36 hours old, may be of bread slightly soaked in milk and squeezed dry, sprinkled well with fine sand. This is to be continued for three or four days and then fed a mash consisting of bran two parts, cornmeal one part, middlings one part, well moistened, but not sloppy. It must be observed that ducks have no gizzards, their food passing directly into the stomach. Therefore they do better on ground grain, in slightly moist mashes than on hard grain.

A good supply of sand should always be near at hand. At first the water provided should be lukewarm. Avoid anything that will cause a chill. Provide shallow troughs for the mash which should be deep enough to allow the ducklings to insert their bills, for they will want to wash down almost every mouthful of food running back and forth from food to water. Renew the water frequently.

Do not allow the floor or ground to become sloppy. Either put the drinking vessel upon a platform, slightly elevated, or, as is the writer's practice, excavate a small hole in the ground, over which place a frame a little longer and broader than the hole, covered with half-inch wire mesh. Water that is splashed over, and there will be plenty of it, will find its way into the hole, and the ground surrounding will be comparatively dry.

After three weeks a little meat meal, or beef scraps, may be added to the ration, the amount gradually increased from week to week until about one-fifth is in the mixture. After the fourth week they will not require much artificial heat during the day, except during the cold spells.

Well cared for, they will make a surprising growth. Give a liberal supply of tender green stuff. When five weeks old a little hard grain may be given, placing wheat or cvracked corn in a milk pan half filled with water. Do not attempt to keep ducks in the same yard with hens.

To keep ducklings from wandering one may use movable fences of 12-inch boards, with stakes driven on either side, to keep them in place. For the mature ducks, fences two feet high are sufficient. Be sure to have everything as clean as possible.—A. W. Robertson.

SEEDING ALFALFA

The Illinois Farmers' institute says that alfalfa is best seeded in July or August, but before seeding the seed bed should be persistently worked and thoroughly prepared If the soil is acid or sour it should be sweetened through the application of air slacked lime or finely ground limestone.

If the field is well worn a liberal dressing of manure will act as an insurance against probable failure. Disk the surface of the unplowed land, after dressing with manure, until a mulch of loose soil is on the surface. Plow to a depth of six inches or deeper and immediately disk and harrow. Roll and drag until you have a seed bed fit to sow onion seed in. Then apply your lime or limestone and again harrow. This should provide an environment for alfalfa seed, which, with one addition, will not only supply the factors necessary for germination, but for rapid growth and development as well.

The remaining requisite, at least on most soils of the state, is inoculating with the nitrogen bacteria that use the alfalfa as a host plant. This may be applied when the seed is being sown, if you use a drill for sowing, or it may be applied broadcast either immediately before or immediately after the sowing. In either instance when sowed broadcast it should be harrowed in at once. To secure the inoculating bacteria take the surface soil from the established alfalfa field or from under thrifty sweet clover plants and scatter this soil over the field. Remember, however, to harrow immediately after sowing the inoculating soil.

In seeding alfalfa sow either with a drift or broadcast from 10 to 15 pounds of seed per acre. If the seed is tested and germinates strongly less quantity may be sown, especially when the drill is used. Seeding should place the seed not over one and a half inches below the surface of the ground, unless the soil and season are very dry. After alfalfa appears and covers the ground the next anxiety is to see that it is not choked out by crab grass, foxtail, smartweed and other undesirable growth. If these bother and grow faster than the alfalfa, go into the field with a mower and clip everything repeatedly. If sown during the midsummer there is little danger of these weeds interfering seriously. Leave a good growth for protection through the winter. Early in the spring you will be surprised and delighted with the early, rapid, vigorous growth made by this plant.

If you have no alfalfa on your farm sow some within next two months. If you now have a small area increase the acreage. Don't let anything prevent you from having some of this wonderfully recuperative, marvelous productive forage, whose feeding value, ton for ton, is practically that of wheat bran.

FALL PLOWING

As a rule the object in fall plowing is to turn up the soil to the action of freezing and thawing, which benefits its texture or physical nature. In sections where the soil does not freeze in winter, except in very dry climates, fall plowing as a rule is not to be recommended, for the reason that with heavy winter and spring rains on heavy clay soils the soil is apt to become cemented and lifeless, making it difficult to prepare for seeding and often rendering the soil cloddy and unyielding for cultivation.

For early oats sowing this might not be an objection, since oats always do best when sown early and the packing of the soil by winter and spring rains would not be objectionable. Oats and all small grain require a firm and well packed seed bed. Still sod in any climate is usually benefited by fall plowing, as the sod will be in a better position for early decay by early plowing and some of the noxious insects in the soil would be destroyed by being exposed.

In dry climates, where the ground does not freeze in winter, such as in irrigated regions and where dry farming is practiced, fall plowing is beneficial, as the roughened surface of the soil caused by plowing will catch and hold more snows and rains than unplowed ground.

In any region where the soil is full of humus, or where a heavy coating of manure is turned under, fall plowing is good practice. With plenty of humus in the soil it will not cement with heavy rains, and where a heavy coat of manure is turned under the manure will be in a good position for decay and will keep the soil light and loose.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

Builders of Carnarvon Castle.

Westminster Gazette.

Carnarvon Castle is full of interest not only for the archeologist and student of mediaeval military architecture, but also for all engaged in the economic interpretation of history. Fairly complete accounts are extant of the money expended on wages and material during the building of the fortress. The highest wage paid to the workmen was three pence a day to skilled artificers, two pence being more common. These artisans were all Englishmen, hailing from such places as Canterbury or Oxford. Ordinary laborers, who were, to judge from their names, all native Welshmen, received only a penny. Allowing for the purchasing power of the penny, these comic wages are of course far higher than the rates of the present day. Centuries later the translators of the Bible saw nothing ludicrous about the "two pence" proffered for the hotel bill of the man befriended by the Good Samaritan.

LUCKY MISTAKE

Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.:

"A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake.

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning, I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully.

"It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage.

"My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum.

"Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum.

"She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert.

"Her nerves, which had become shatered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is a new woman, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

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Return this ad. to us and you will be entitled to S&W Mod. Double Action Nickel Plated Revolver, 32 or 38 Cal., also 1 item wind & set Watch worth $1.50. Full hollow ground Razor, retails $3.00. 1 double set gold plate collar and sleeve buttons, nice chain and charm, fine ring, our 5 and 10c. Grips C. O. D. $5.05 and ALLOW EXAMINATION. Name your Express office. If this is the only way we can get our bargain before you, and we will ship C. O. D. If you don't think all worth 3 times our special price don't pay 1 cent. THE CLICK CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

AGENTS $3 a Day

NEW PATENTED AUTOMATIC CURRY COMB

Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemen delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Massages the teeth always cleans, no clogging with hair or dirt. A. R. Pett says: "It's a dandy. Sold 16 last night to my neighbors." Easy seller. Big profits. Going fast. Write quick. Free sample to workers. THOMAS MFG. CO., 8878 Wayne St., Dayton, O.

FREE CHURN To introduce the CHALLENGE CHURN 1½ gal. capacity. Makes good butter from milk or cream, easy in from 1 to 5 minutes. Write today sure, get one FREE. Mason Mfg. Co., Dept. G, Canton, O.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest gold embossed cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 210, Topeka, Kan.

SEED WHEAT

FREE TO FARMERS.

By special arrangement, THE RATKIN'S SEED HOUSE, of Shenandoah, Iowa, agree to mail FREE, a copy of their Winter Seed Wheat Catalog and a sample package of their New Imported Malakoff Wheat (a new Russian variety), to any and all who mention this paper. Write them direct today. The address is RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa. And you will receive the catalog and sample by return mail.

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Mean What I Say

I positively don't want you to d me a single solitary penny when answer this announcement. Why? ause I am now introducing a new of Spectacle—my wonderful "Per- Vision" Spectacles—the latest and remarkable eyesight protectors preservers the world has ever

—These latest "Perfect Vision" pectacles of mine will actually ake a blind man see—of course, don't mean one blind from birth, ut blind on account of age.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" pectacles of mine will enable you shoot the smallest bird off the lest tree-tops, plough in the ld and drive on the brightest, ttest, sunniest days without any nger of your getting cataracts, ronic sore eyes, or granulated id.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" pectacles of mine will enable you read the very finest print in our bible, and do the finest kind embroidery and crocheting just well as you ever did in your unger days, and at one and the me time they will also be pro- ting and preserving your eyes d be keeping them from getting eaker while doing it.—

I therefore want you and every r spectacle-wearer in your county my old customers also) to get andsome FREE pair of these very arkable and latest "Perfect Vision" pectacles of mine without a single tary cent of cost; and as a favor— an obligation, mind you—I will ly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

showing them around to your ghbors and friends and speak a word for them whenever you e the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor nd me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and t remarkable Spectacle offer. Ad- ss:—

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TRAIT AGENTS, photographers, mer- Crayon, pastel and sepia portraits; catalogue and samples free. Hyde Art 1-4855, N. Ashland, Chicago.

NTS WANTED—Sell rich looking import- 8x6 rugs; $1 each. R. H. Carter, Milan, sold 115 in four days; his profit $51. an do as well. Write for sample offer nique selling plan; exclusive territory. ndon, Rug Importer, Stonington, Maine.

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Acres $1.000
Overlooking Nearby Lake.
Stock and Machinery Included.
two-story, ten-room house, 40x72 base- barn, and other outbuildings, situated on mad, near stores, school, villages and ad station; 50,000 ft. pine timber, large g orchard, machine work fields, cuts 30 lay, and if taken now will throw in cow, g, brooder and all machinery and tools, nly $1,000, part cash, easy terms. For of this see page 98 Strout's Farm ge No. 34, biggest and best farm cata- ver issued. Full details regarding rail- climates, markets, schools and crops , etc., 15 states. Copy free. Station 105, Strout, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

PERSONAL.

rry Photos, descriptions and P.O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn

RIAGE paper mailed free, reliable, best ed. Eastern Agency 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

ANTED Union Soldiers who home- steaded some land, but less OLDIERS' than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are en- titled to addi- OMESTEADS tional rights even entry was relinquished or abandoned, if e is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
dress (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 son Bldg., Denver, Colo.

NTED—Sheep dog, broken to drive cattle. Clare, Fitzgerald, Ga.

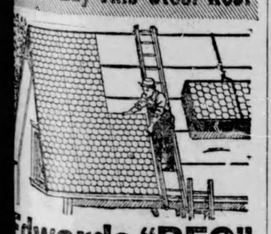
Cold Light.

er's Weekly.

hen the current of a Ruhmkorff ction coil is passed through a tube in a vacuum the tube glows a brilliant light. This is the light the future. Hitherto it has not been ble to produce light without pro- g heat. But recently an improved of the Geissler tube has been in- ed which has overcome this dif- ty. The light of the future will through long transparent tubes ll sizes and calibers, able to take most varied directions, and to horizontally, vertically, or ob- ly, forming stars, rosettes, spirals, esques, etc.

e tubes radiate a diffused glow end to end. The effect is a splen- intense lunar light. This is the ess light required by painters for studios, for museums, and for home. By charging the tubes with ent gases various colors can be ed. Nitrogen gives a warm gold- low.

Just Hammer and Nails You Lay This Steel Roof



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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Please give a brief history in the columns of your paper of the French and Indian war and the results of the same.—M. E. B., Escandido, Cal.

The French and Indian war extended from 1754 to 1763. It was the last part of the struggle between England and France for the possession of North America. In 1754 the French claimed the whole country west of the Alleghenies as a part of the basins of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. England laid claim to all the country west of the Atlantic settlements. The French colonists numbered only about 80,000 whites and the English more than 1,100,000. The English were divided into 13 governments, which had nothing in common. These English colonists were industrial, while the French rule was unified and military, and had help from the Indians. The war began with a struggle for Pittsburg, Washington attacking the French at Great Meadows and being forced to surrender at Fort Necessity. In 1775 the English planned four attacks: Braddock's expedition against For Duquesne (Pittsburg), and others by way of Lake Champlain, by way of Oswego and Niagara, and against the French posts near Nova Scotia. The first was disastrous, the second and third accomplished nothing substantial, but the fourth was successful. From 1756 on the English made no progress for the French and Indians were under the command of Montcalm. The following year William Pitt became head of the English ministry, and he formed a general scheme of conquest in America. In 1758 Amherst and Wolfe took Louisbourg, Bradstreet captured Fort Frontenac, and Forbes took Fort Duquesne. Then Pitt undertook the conquest of Canada. In 1759 Amherst took Ticonderoga, while Prideaux took Niagara. But the chief operation of the year was an attack upon Quebec, entrusted to General Wolfe, who captured that town, considered impregnable, by means of the battle upon the Plains of Abraham. The French were unable to retake Quebec. Montreal was taken in 1760, and the conquest of Canada was completed. By the treaty of Paris, France resigned to England all her possessions east of the Mississippi, and to Spain, New Orleans and all her possessions west of that river.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES

I would like to have you please give a sketch of the life of John Cleves Symmes.—H. E. Z., New Haven, W. Va.

John Cleves Symmes, the American soldier and author, was born in Sussex county, New Jersey, about 1770, and died in Hamilton, Ohio, in 1829. He entered the United States army as an ensign in 1802, and served through the war of 1812, reaching the rank of captain in 1813. After the war he went to Newport, Kentucky, where he resided, passing his time in propounding his own planetary theory, which comprised the belief that planetary bodies, including the earth, consist of hollow concentric spheres open at their poles. Symmes believed the inside of the earth to be inhabited, and he imagined an aperture (known since as "Symmes' Hole") in the earth's crust, near latitude 82 degrees north, communicating with the interior of the planet, where he fancied plant and animal life to exist, and which he described as being lighted by two subterranean suns, Pluto and Proserpine. Humboldt stated that he and Davy had been repeatedly invited by Symmes to descend through this hole into the interior of the earth. In 1822 and 1823 Symmes petitioned congress for an expedition to test his theory. His views were advocated by him in lectures and pamphlets and in books written by him.

DOG DAYS

I would like to have you give an explanation of dog days in your paper. —G. F., New Metamora, Ohio.

Dog days is the name applied to the hottest season of the year at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star; that is, the time when it rose just before the sun. They usually lasted for about 40 days. We still retain the expression of dog days as applied to the hottest season of the year, but owing to the procession of the equinoxes it is no longer the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star.

HOW PRESIDENT IS ELECTED

I would like to have you tell me how the President of the United States is elected to his office.—M. B., Ramona, Michigan.

The different political parties elect delegates at primaries which meet some time in the summer of the year designated for the election of a president and choose candidates for that office. On the second Tuesday after the first Monday in November the people meet at the polls and vote for two presidential electors from each congressional district and two at large. The total number from one state is the same as that state has representatives and senators in the national congress. On the second Monday in January these electors meet in the respective capitals of each state and cast separate ballots for president and vice president. Three returns of this election are then sealed separately; one is sent to the district court, another to the president of the United States senate by mail, and the third to the same person by messenger. On the second Wednesday in February these returns are opened in the presence of both houses of congress and the votes are counted. The one receiving the majority for president is declared elected; the same with the vice president. But if no one has a majority for president the house of representatives votes on the three names who have the largest number of votes. The one receiving the majority in this case is declared elected. If a vice president fails to be elected the senate votes on the two highest candidates for that position, and the result decides the case. The successful candidates are inaugurated on the 4th of March.

ADMISSION TO SOLDIERS' HOME

I would like to know the requirements for admission to national soldiers' homes.—J. J. M., Morgantown, W. Va.

The following are the requirements for admission to the national soldiers' homes: An honorable discharge from the United States service during a war in which it was engaged.

Disability which prevents the applicant from earning his living by labor.

Applicants for admission will be required to stipulate and agree to abide by all the rules and regulations made by the board of managers, or by its order; to perform all duties required of them, and to obey all the lawful orders of the officers of the home. Attention is called to the fact that by the law establishing the home the members are made subject to the rules and articles of war and will be governed thereby in same manner as if they were in the army of the United States.

A soldier or sailor must forward with his application for admission his discharge paper and when he is a pensioner his pension certificate, which papers will be retained at the branch to which the applicant is admitted, to be kept there for him, and returned to him when he is discharged. This rule is adopted to prevent the loss of such papers or certificates and to hinder fraudulent practices; and no application will be considered unless these papers are sent with it. If the original discharge does not exist, a copy of discharge certified by the war or navy department, or by the adjutant-general of the state, must accompany the application.

PENNSYLVANIA DIVORCE LAWS

Please give me the causes for divorce in the state of Pennsylvania. —M. M., Everett, Pa.

One must live in Pennsylvania one year before he or she can obtain a divorce. The causes are former existing marriage, desertion two years, personal abuse or conduct rendering life burdensome, felony, fraud, relationship within prohibited degrees, physical incapacity, and lunacy.

THE RED CROSS

Please give a history of the Red Cross society in The Blade.—N. M., Morenci, Mich.

The Red Cross society is a great league, one of the greatest ever entered into. Humanity and neutrality are its watchwords and the nations party to it number forty. Its founder is Henri Durant, a Swiss gentleman, who conceived the idea on the battlefield of Solferino in 1859. He was appalled by the needless suffering, only a small part of which he was able to alleviate. On his return from Italy, he published a little work called "Recollections of Solferino," and sent it boadcast to arouse hopedfor interest. It touched a responsive chord in all hearts, especially in that of Clara Barton. He labored long and traveled thousands of miles, lecturing and writing articles for publication and held many consultations with officials in the highest courts of Europe, until his mission was performed and the Red Cross an assured fact.

In compliment to Mr. Durant and the Swiss government, the protective sign and flag agreed upon was a red Greek cross on a white flag. Turkey alone objected to it because of the intense hatred of her soldiers for the Christian emblem; so as a concession, the red crescent is substituted in the case of that country. Mr. Durant spent half his fortune in the Red Cross work. The members of he league have voluntarily bound themselves to regard all sick or wounded persons, in time of war, as neutral. When such fall into their hands, they are considered Red Cross subjects, and their respective nationality forgotten for the time being. When cured, a patient is sent to his home under protection of the league and as a non-combatant.

The first was to receive the benefit was that of 1866, in Germany, Austria and Italy. While Austria was not in the treaty, her citizens raised $500,000 for the work. Italy raised $50,000, and was aided by France and Switzerland. Germany gave $3,000,000, and 500 men and women were employed to assist the nurses. Then came the Franco-Prussian war, and the Commune in 1870-71, requiring over $14,000,000—easily raised by the governments. Hospitals, hospital trains and all preparations were on a grand scale. More that 100,000 wounded were cared or. Eighty-five thousand French soldiers, who invaded Switzerland in a famished condition, were given food by the Red Cross of that country. The committee asked aid from Germany for 2,500 incurable French soldiers, received it and sent the men to their homes.

The war of 1876-78 between Turkey, Servia, Greece and Russia, furnished much work for the Red Cross, especially the Russian branch. This branch was formerly regarded unfavorable by the military of the country, which soon, however, solicited aid. Seventeen million dollars were raised and $13,000,000 of it applied.

America owes its Red Cross almost entirely to one woman—Clara Barton. While resting in Europe, after he arduous work during the civil war, she learned of Mr. Durant, read his book, looked into the treaty, saw its application in the wars then pending, and came home determined that her own country should ratify that treaty and put it into good use. Said Miss Barton: "If we had adopted the Red Cross idea in the civil war, Andersonville, with its 10,000 would never have stained our record."

Nevertheless she found her task a difficult one, and she waited many weary years for the government, through its senators, to recognize the value of her appeals, as it finally did in 1881, when she was appointed by President Garfield to be the guiding hand for the Red Cross in America. Owing to the fact that this country suffers much more often from the disastrous effects of great calamities other than war which needed the systematic aid given by the Red Cross, Miss Barton appealed to the international committee for permission to give succor. This was granted, and today the only country having such power is the United States.

There is today but one hospital flag, and the commanding officer who knowingly directs even a stray shot at a camp with the Red Cross floating over it violates an international agreement.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Please give a history of the American flag in the columns of the Question Bureau.—B. W. C., Cowansville, Pa.

The national flag had no single or definite origin. Before and during part of the revolution many flags of different designs were used by different colonies and different companies of soldiers. There were also a great many private flags in use at the time of the war for separation from England. But in 1775 a committee recommended for a national flag the British union plus 13 stripes. This design congress adopted. Paul Jones claimed to have been the first to have raised the national flag, but it seems to have been one of the rattlesnake type; though that was not the kind selected by the congressional naval committee in 1776. In June, 1776, it was unofficially decided by congress and Washington, in view of the impending declaration, to replace the union by a five pointed star; but the first official adoption of a flag was on June 14, 1777, displacing the union by 13 stars, and using just the same number of stripes. The first use of the flag is disputed; it seems to have been improvised and run up over captured British standards at Fort Stanwix August 8, 1777, after the battle of Oriskany, but a regular flag was made and carried at the battle of Brandywine in the following September.

When Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the union two new stripes and the same number of stars were added, and no further changes were made for 25 years. In 1818 it was finally ordered that the 15 stripes be reduced permanently to 13, in memory of the original colonies, and the stars keep pace with the total number of states, on the July 4 after each admission. The arrangement of the stars was not specified and has been left to the taste of the makers.

THANKSGIVING DAY

I would like to know something about the origin of Thanksgiving. Also give the date on which Thanksgiving day will fall in the year 1911. —G. M., Leon, W. Va.

Thanksgiving day is fixed by proclamation made by the President and the governors of the various states. The President's proclamation makes the day a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and in the territories. The Episcopal church, in 1789, formally recognized the civil government's authority to appoint such a feast, and in 1888 the Roman Catholic church also decided to honor a festival which had long been universally observed. But in no place has it been observed with as much zest as in New England, where it ranks as the greatest family festival, taking the place which in England is accorded to Christmas. The earliest harvest thanksgiving was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, and was repeated often during that and the ensuing century. Days of thanksgiving were recommended annually by congress during the revolution, and in 1784 for the return of peace. In 1815 President Madison also recommended it. Washington appointed such a day in 1789 after the adoption of the constitution, and in 1795 for the general benefits and welfare of the nation. Since 1863 the presidents have always issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day. In 1911 Thanksgiving day will occur on November 30.

THE HOOKWORM

I wish the Question Bureau would give an explanation of the disease known as the hookworm.—W. F. R., New Albany, Pa.

The disease called hookworm is common in five of the southern states in this country. It was first brought over from Africa by the negroes. It has only been recently that the scientists and doctors have been able to cure the disease. When certain cases were brought to them they treated them as malaria, but now it is known that these cases were hookworm. This fact was first discovered by doctors who treated a disease which became prevalent among many of the workmen constructing the St. Gotthard tunnel in the Alps.

The ravages of the disease are terrible among the persons afflicted. In the south there are many such persons who do not work and seem shiftless to those who know nothing of the effects of the disease. The hookworm is a parasite which becomes attached to the outside of the body, from there making its way to the intestines, where it does its greatest damage. Usually the damp soil breeds these parasites, and when the poor people of the south walk along the soil in their uncovered feet the worm clings to them. Thus many of the men who work on the farms with shoes are not affected, while the women and children who remain around the house without shoes are afflicted with the disease.

The hookworm itself is less than one inch long and looks like a bit of soiled, coarse thread. It has all the well developed organs which are necessary for life. The mouth is cup-shaped and bordered by a flattened rim that can be pressed snugly against the intestine during feeding. The strong and muscular esophagus becomes a powerful and effective suction pump. Inside the mouth are two pairs of sharp chitinous lancets and prominent at the rim is a fang with a long gland at its base. When the hookworm is ready to eat it presses its mouth disk against the intestine, draws a tiny piece of mucous membrane into its mouth, and punctures it with its lancets and fang. Through the minute holes thus made the blood is sucked out. These punctures are repeated many times during a meal and finally the membrane is riddled with holes. After the worm has dropped off certain bacteria find lodgment in the holes and produce small ulcers. Probably the most common and effective remedy for the hookworm is thymol and epsom salts. The first is usually administered by a physician, for it is a dangerous drug if handled carelessly. After the worms have been compelled to drop off by the thymol the salts are administered.

THOMAS A. EDISON

Will you please give a biography of Thomas A. Edison, and also speak of the numerous inventions he has made? —B. C., Cyclone, W. Va.

Thomas Alva Edison, the American electrician and inventor, was born in Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His family moved to Port Huron, Mich., when Edison was 7 years old. Not being able to attend school Edison began to work as a newsboy on a railroad line. During his leisure hours he experimented with telegraph instruments and printing presses. In 1862 young Edison bought a small hand press and published a weekly newspaper known as the Grand Trunk Herald. His office was an abandoned freight car where he continued his mechanical experiments. He later became a telegraph operator at Mt. Clemens. Though brilliant and rapid in his work his erratic conduct lost him several situations. His first invention was made in 1864, when he invented an automatic telegraph repeater. Soon after, at Boston, Edison inverted a commercial stock indicator, which he sold to New York capitalists for $40,000. This gave him funds to equip an extensive laboratory for his work. In 1876 his health failed and he gave up his manufacturing, confining his labor to investigation and invention. More than 300 patents have been issued on Edison's inventions. Some of his most important inventions are the phonograph, telephone for long distance transmission, the carbon telephone transmitter, the microtasimeter, the aerophone, megaphone, incandescent electric lamp, kinetoscope, and a storage battery for automobiles. In 1878 he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government, a commander of the Legion in 1889, and was the recipient of the insignia of a grand officer of the crown of Italy bestowed the same year by King Humbert. In 1892 he received the Albert medal of the Society of Arts of Great Britain.

SAVONAROLA

Will the Question Bureau give me a sketch of the life of Savonarola?—J. R. H., Wellsville, N. Y.

Girolamo Savanarola, the Italian religious reformer, was born in Ferrara, Italy, in 1452, and died in 1498. In 1475 Savonarolla entered the Dominican convent in Bologna, where he remained for seven years. He was then sent to preach in Florence, but his uncouth manner and harsh voice made his mission at first a failure. So he went elsewhere, but in 1490 returned to Florence and became successful, his reputation as a popular preacher rising very rapidly. His aim was to make Florence a model Christian commonwealth, but the rebukes which he hurled at the highest and lowliest wrongdoers raised a deadly hostility against him. He launched the most scathing denunciations against the corruption then scarcely less conspicuous in the higher ecclesiastics than in the Pope Alexander VI. His followers in Florence, known as Piagononi "weepers," because professed penitents), multiplied; his enemies, the Arrabbiati (the enraged), grew bitterer. The pope remonstrated; he was offered the rank of cardinal, but nothing could move him from his position. In 1495 the pope summoned him to Rome, but Savonarola, knowing what awaited him there, refused to obey. It was then that an order came from the Vatican ordering him to refrain from preaching. At first he submitted, and then disobeyed, declaring himself unable to resist the prophetic spirit. Hence the pope excommunicated him in 1497. The preacher now appealed to the sovereigns of Christendom to call a council and elect a new pope, a course that had been previously pursued by the council of Constance. On April 7, 1498, occurred the famous attempt at a "trial by fire," to decide whether he was divinely commissioned, but its fiasco turned the people against him. He was arrested and tortured in order to extort a confession. In his agony he gave some confused answer as to his claim of being a divinely appointed prophet, but no confession of heresy could be obtained from him. He was condemned for heresy, schism and contempt of the Holy See. His chief offense was his contravention of the Bull Execrabilis of Pius II., which condemns an appeal from the pope to the general council. He was publicly hanged and then burned and his ashes thrown into the Arno.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. T. V., Dayton, O.—See a bookseller in your town.

J. M. B., Ligonier, Ind.—Venice was built on a large number of islands by people who engaged in commerce, then the most important occupation in the world.

J. W. M., Scherr, W. Va.—In a baseball game, if the base runner is touched by the ball while off his base, he is out.

G. H. W., Whitecloud, Minn.—The government has placed the Indians on reservations throughout the country, and they are educated in schools maintained by the government.

J. M. F., Flushing, O.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

Great Rivals in Business

Great Britain and Germany are historic friends. They have often stood together in international affairs, and they have no old feuds or grudges to settle. Their troubles date back only to the rise of Germany as a maritime power and a strong competitor for the trade of the world.

Until several years after the victory of Germany over France in 1870-71 and the unification of the German empire, there was little British jealousy of Germany and practically no fear. The Germans had no colonies and little trade in the parts of the globe which England was most concerned about. The German navy was then weaker and smaller than that of Russia or even of Italy, not to speak of France. The power of Great Britain on the sea was so vastly superior to that of Germany that the latter was never reckoned with in England as a maritime state.

All this has changed swiftly and completely, except in one respect and there the comparatively small difference which time has caused is all the more disturbing to British statesmen and the British public. The German foreign possessions are still of relatively little value. Germany did not begin to look for colonies until the great open spaces of the earth had been well sorted out and the more desirable had been taken possession of by the other powers too strong to be pushed aside or too well fortified by the common sense of justice and international right.

Now the German flag covers extensive regions in eastern Africa, in the southwestern part of that continent and in the Cameroons district on the west coast. But these regions are not yet profitable, and it is doubtful whether they will ever pay. They are not suitable for white settlement, on a large scale, and there is no prospect that they can ever compare well with the African possessions of Great Britain, France or Belgium.

Germany's period of colonial enterprise came with the entire American world barred by the Monroe doctrine. It did not begin until Australia had become British and nearly all of Northern Asia was Russian. Japan and China were populous and too big and important to be dispossessed without the gravest international consequences, even if Germany had harbored such designs. India was British and Indo-China largely British and French. The East Indies were chiefly Dutch territory, where they were not British or Spanish, the Philippines belonging to Spain at that time.

So Germany only managed to pick up a slice of New Guinea, the little Caroline group of islands in the Pacific and a few other bits of land in the same great sea—the Solomon islands, Marshall islands, two islands of the Samoan group, etc. Altogether, the German foreign possessions, not forgetting Kiauchau Bay, in China, are insignificant in extent and value by comparison with those of Great Britain or France. In many respects they are outclassed by the Dutch colonies.

Yet no other great state in Europe has a population expanding as that of Germany does, Russia alone excepted, and few countries, large or small, are more fully populated or more thoroughly developed. England sees these conditions and knows how the German hunger for opportunities to create dependencies of Germany's under the German flag, beyond the seas is blocked by various conditions, of which one of the chief is the great part of the map of the world printed in British red.

Meanwhile Germany, grown rich and fast becoming richer, has much capital for investment beyond the German frontiers, and there, as in the steamship traffic of the seas and in many lines of productive industry, German competition presses harder every year upon British investors, money-lenders, shipowners and manufacturers. German hopes and ambitions clash with the British purpose to retain as fully and as long as possible the vantage ground which England holds.

Recent statistics, carefully compiled, credit Great Britain with investments amounting to nearly seven billion dollars in British possessions. Canada is calculated to be employing about $1,778,000,000 of British money. Australia and nearby islands, including New Zealand, are believed to have over $1,591,000,000 of the mother country's surplus capital. India and Ceylon hold about $1,707,000,000. South Africa has been given the use of $1,248,000,000—for good dividends in many cases. Other British possessions are employing about $500,000,000 of British money. The total is placed at $6,825,551,000.

At 5 per cent annually, a moderate estimate, these British investments in British territory or loans to British colonies and colonists, yield not less than $340,000,000 every year, besides giving employment to thousands of men from the United Kingdom and contributing largely to the prosperity of many British industries.

Germany cannot be indifferent to such object lessons on the possibilities of rich outlying possessions and colonies. England magnifies German envy or emulation, and the outcome is a national state of mind more ominous than any dispute about Morocco could be in itself.

A Plucky Robin.

The Scotsman.

In Ladybank Auction Mart, an energetic auctioneer had knocked a hole in the rostrum with his hammer. Inside this hole and behind the boarding a robin has built its nest, where it is now sitting on four eggs.

A Fortune in Radishes.

Washington Post.

"What little things make men rich," said Robert A. Skelton, at the Cochran last night. "I was on an automobile ride on Long Island the other day, and out Jamaica way was shown a fine country residence, with beautiful grounds and delightful fields.

"My friend told me that what I saw was all derived from selling radishes and lettuce to New York produce dealers. Nothing else was raised on the farm winter or summer but radishes and lettuce of high quality, and most of it under glass. Abe Van Sicklen was the farmer who foresaw a good market for such relishes out of season, and he began in a small way to supply the big restaurants in New York, then merchants, with the product every month in the year.

"He could get his own prices in winter, and for that matter did not worry about the outdoor competition in summer. His regular patrons were glad to make yearly contracts, and soon Abe became rich.

"Others started in to follow his methods, but by the time they were looking for customers old Abe had gathered in a fortune, and he died at the age of 87, very well content with the radish and lettuce road to fortune."

Academicians as Family Men.

Westminster Gazette.

A French statistician has been looking at the records of members of the Academic Francaise as family men. Of the forty "Immortals" it appears that the great majority are married, but no fewer than 14 are childless. Among those who have the largest families are M. Henri Poincare, the scientist, who is the father of three daughters and a son, and M. Jean Richepin, the poet and dramatist, who has been twice married and has four sons. M. Rene Bazin has also several children, but the families of the other Academicians who have families at all do not number more than one or two. M. Annatole France is among the half dozen members who are bachelors.

Semi-Indirect Lighting.

Shop Notes Quarterly.

A well known company that specializes in lighting fixtures is at present experimenting on what may be called a semi-indirect lighting system. In this, instead of throwing all of the light to the ceiling, from which it may be diffused and reflected, a portion only of the light will be so directed, while the rest of it will be allowed to pass downward or outward through the inside reflector and the outer glass casing. Various physiological and psychological tests are being made to determine the proper ratio between the indirect and the direct lighting.

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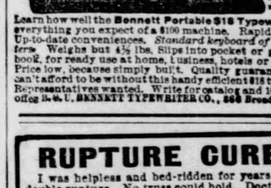

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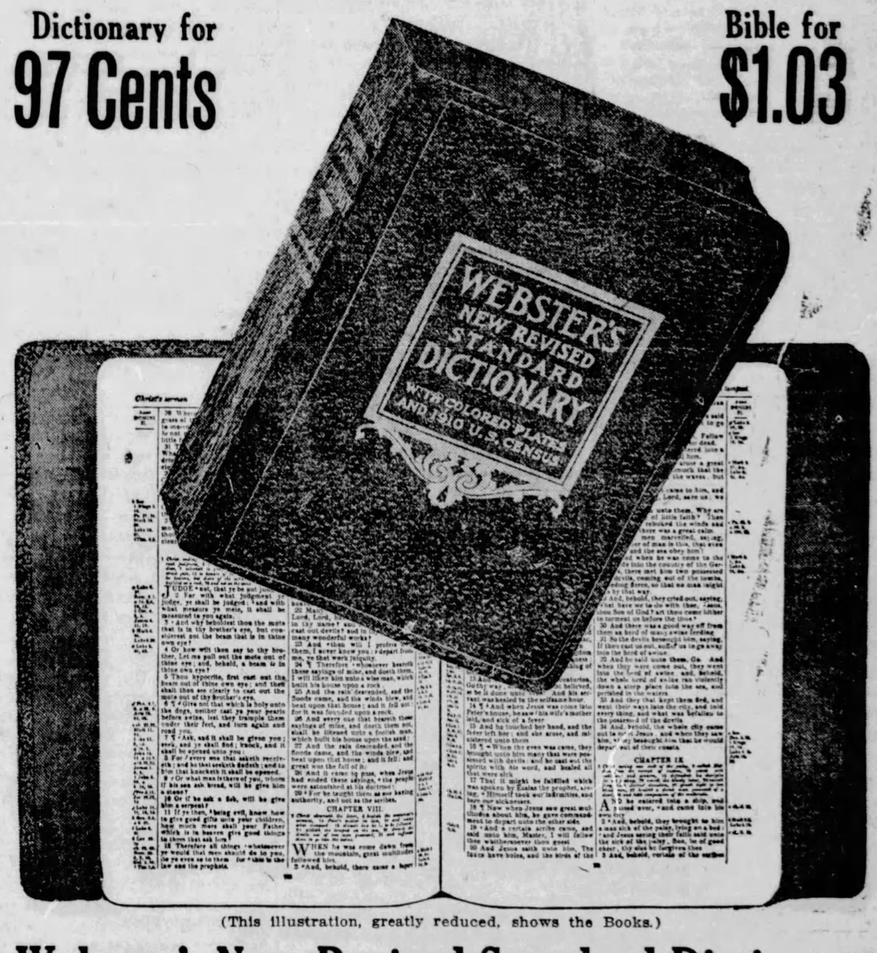

(This illustration, greatly reduced, shows the Books.)

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You wouldn't try to cross the track if you thought the Twentieth Century Limited were coming around the bend, destined to crash down upon you. You would heed the warning to look out for the cars. It is a good rule to be alive at all times. Twentieth century opportunities are coming around the bend. Be on the alert and ready for them. Read The Blade advertisements.

Adjournment will be the next popular move on the part of congress.

Wonder how the milky way is kept sweet in hot weather without ice?

No matter how long it rains nobody ever prays for dry weather.

There are to be thirty-five Standard Oil companies. A pretty large litter.

The Indian who spent 30 years in jail by mistake must regard the whites as a careless race.

Governor Woodrow Wilson is a bright man. He refused to act as judge at a baby show.

Life is one joy after another. By the time people get tired of green corn lima beans come to bat.

An Ohio woman has undergone a successful operation for the removal of a pair of surgeon's scissors.

The new postage stamps are to be highly artistic. But who cares for art provided they taste all right?

"Grin and bear it" may be good advice under ordinary circumstances, but it won't work very well in a dentist's chair.

People are forever asking when dog days come. We don't know why, unless they want to throw something at the dog.

It is the male katydid that we hear during the evening hours. Remarkable as it may seem, his wife never says anything.

There are 700,000 motor cars in this country. And somewhere, during every hour of every day, somebody is swearing at them.

Doubtless President Taft will agree that there are lots of Democrats that would make good Republicans, if properly coached.

Down south a man with eight wives was arrested. He might have escaped with seven, but he could not let well enough alone.

One man gets a legacy of $20,000 for giving his lower berth to an invalid several years ago. Moral: Be kind to the millionaires.

An astrologer makes the prediction that August will break all hot weather records. Why are such men allowed to run at large?

It is said that the cost of living in Canada is as high as in the United States. And it isn't worth half as much to live there.

King George's physicians told him that he had been talking too much. They didn't dare say anything of that kind to Queen Mary.

"Among certain negroes of Africa orators must stand on one leg when they orate." That might be a good rule for preachers to follow.

One skeptic declares that there was no such man as Job, but he doesn't go so far as to say that boils and carbuncles are mythical terrors.

A Florida man was killed while trying to collect a bill of 15 cents. The collector who smiles and goes away will live to call another day.

"Go to the country, my dears, if but for a week," says Laurajean. But don't try to catch the little black and white animal that looks like a kitten.

An eastern woman has discovered that a vacuum cleaner will take fleas from a dog. But what of the philisophy that teaches that a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog?

A German expert says American women don't know how to pose before a camera. Perhaps not, but they make a pretty picture when they pose before a potful of steaming apple dumplings.

Soul photography? We shall take the matter under prayerful consideration before deciding that we want anything of that kind. It isn't a thing that can be tried on a guinea pig first.

One woman has written to the Blade to express her appreciation of the word "swat." It is the source of much amusement to her. We desire to call her attention to "wallop." It is also a dandy word.

WAR-MAKERS IN GERMANY

It has been said that so long as England and Germany were bound to come to blows, the Moroccan embroglio would prove as good an excuse as any. This is to assume that the militarists rule the German empire absolutely as well as apparently.

In the 40 years since Germany has had a war, her armament has steadily grown. With a population of approximately 64,000,000 and comprising a land area of 208,830 square miles, less than that of the state of Texas, the empire maintains a peace strength of 620,000 soldiers and commands a reserve of 3,380,000. In naval strength she has climbed from virtually nothing to third among the navies, and if strength were measured by battleships alone she would be in second place. All this military apparatus constitutes a personnel which would be bound to look upon war as at least a welcome break in the tedious round of petty duty and discipline. Being aware every hour of its power and of the respect in which it is held, this machine very naturally might feel that its dictum was to be unquestioned, that if it said "let there be war," there would be war.

There are deep-lying causes why Germany should support a great military establishment. Without it her states and principalities had fallen apart. Her neighbors had continued the age-old policy of aggression and browbeating. The surplus of her population had had to find new homes, new loyalties and the dream of a colonial estate could never have been dreamed. But, of course, out of the expediencies developed evil as well as good. While Germany gained power and prosperity and made her integrity an assured fact, she has fallen under influences bad for any country. It has been the military haughtiness which has spoken throughout this Moroccan trouble. It has been the self-conscious power which has nagged at France and expressed open contempt for England. If there is war, it will be because the militarists are all there is of Germany.

Yet it may well be doubted if the sword-bearers will prevail in this quarrel. There is another Germany, carrying on vast enterprises in many corners of the world, working energetically in factories and in fields, teaching in great schools, reading deeply and thinking with unexampled precision. It makes less outward show than the army and navy institutions, but is immensely stronger. It is not conceivable that this other Germany desires its peace broken and its labors stayed because of a paltry squabble over the administration of a desert land. Perhaps it agrees that war with Britain is inevitable, but it may do anything else save agree with the statement that a trifling excuse for hostilities is as good as any other.

REFORMS AND REWARDS.

The reformer, very often, is a solemn ass. Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has chosen to be niggardly in distributing the sense of humor among the souls to whom reform movements appeal most strongly. Intolerance, extravagant speech, a weakness for threatening, mark the breed. It is one seldom liked for itself.

Yet reformers multiply with the fecundity of rabbits. With so much against them, in spite of their known shortcomings, they still gain ground. The fact argues a need. There is a place for them. Leaderships are in truth more plentiful than leaders.

It has pleased us to think that in the appearance of the new spirit of service, reform may alter its personality. Out of the universities, the scientific laboratories, the ministry, the labor organizations and the offices of the press, are coming young people eager for duty for duty's sake. They are not a flamboyant lot. They are, indeed, a little ashamed of that word service, thinking that it implies an aggressive self-sacrifice, a pose and a demand on fame. Considering, though, what kind of men it has been that has led reform movements, the kind it is hard to like as fellow humans, the doubt rises that perhaps the big tasks are not for the more modest crowd. They work with too little show, too few signs of success. They must count the steps they gain vaguely and with much questioning. It is probably doomed that whatever they do, much or little, the rewards will fall to the arm-swingers and the lusty of voice.

THE ALASKAN SNARL.

Mr. Roosevelt blames the troubles of Alaska upon two causes—the greedy corporate exploiters and the cowardice of lawmakers.

The exploiters have dared everything in order to further their chances at tremendous profits—public opinion, the law of the United States, reprisals and the jail. For investments of a few thousands they count upon taking out millions. By trickery and bribery, by the subsidy of government officials, they hope to combat the clamor for fair dealing and to stay the reform of land regulations. The representatives and senators have postponed the consideration of crying needs, fearing the anger of the exploiters more than the irritation of the general public.

THE HEAD SMASHER.

Great Britain exists because unswervingly she has maintained a policy of smashing heads. Let a pair of shoulders appear above the mass of Europe and forthwith England conspires to bring them down. Let a dominant note be raised and England sets about the business of throttling a throat.

The early wars of France, seemingly wars of personal ambition and for love of the thing as a sport, were waged also because the kings realized that if they were not to be tread under foot they themselves were to do the treading. That necessity was more apparent when Napoleon began his great adventure. The might of Spain rose like a threatening monster and England humbled it. Russia, listless, was a friend. Russia, aggressive, was to be stayed with bayonet and shell. England's sympathies were with Germany until France was brought to her knees. Observe today France and England in league and both of them fearful and jealous of the young giant of the North. If war came with the kaiser, and England's good fortune should hold, it would be England who would object to France again taking possession of the lost provinces.

It is not the weight of her empire which gives England her position among the nations, but the success she has had in playing with the weak in keeping down the strong, the success she has had in smashing ambitious heads.

MORE TARIFF TALK.

The action of the Democratic representatives in determining upon legislation which will cut the cotton goods duties in half is indication that the party believes tariff revision must be pursued, though legislative programs are upset and congress broils in Washington throughout the summer.

Before the extraordinary session fairly started it was clear that the reciprocity agreement would not be dealt with alone. The farmers' free list was compiled and the ways and means committee of the house presented a new schedule covering the customs on woolen manufactures. Now comes the proposal for reducing the cotton duties. In addition there are revision bills which have originated in the senate.

After the bungling job with the Payne-Aldrich measure, there was bound to be a continuation of the tariff agitation. Dissatisfaction was to be read in the congressional elections of 1910. The tariff question is with us and will stay until it is either settled or has worn out the tempers of voters and public men. Far better will it be if the present session of congress deals with the subject freely and fully than to let the problem remain as it is, a constant source of disturbance to commerce and industry and provoker of political warfare. The Democrats, for all their shouting, have been careful not to injure business. The Republicans, for all their show of opposition, have made concessions and will make more.

DEGREES OF CROOKEDNESS.

The unforgivable thing about mean men is that they are most of them hypocrites. They hide their littleness, or think they do, under sanctimonious cloaks, pose as monitors of public morals and pass judgment upon their neighbors while secretly robbing orphans or carrying on the vicious practices of a double life.

But the beauty about the Sugar trust, a concentration of amazing meannesses, was that it didn't make pretences. Everyone has known that it would steal quarter cents with no more compunction than a safe-blower would take a thousand dollars. Testimony in the congressional investigation shows that the trust hired its rival's workmen to drop nuts and bolts into the machinery, to send out barrels of sugar so short in weight that the retailers were bound to scream, to mix sand and floor- sweepings with the products marketed. The trust maybe denied this when accused by the rival, but it knew that the rival knew it was guilty and, after perhaps a wink brought up again the suggestion of coming into the combination. No real indignation over the charge, no threats and no bluster about injured innocence and wronged honor.

One can't admire villainy, but one can have some admiration for the consistent villain. He doesn't strut. He doesn't sneak, He is crooked and if you catch him he comes up with restitution unless the lawyers think they can dodge it. Between the crook who admits he's crooked and the crook who doesn't, there are as vast distances as between the fox and the water moccasin. For choice, give us the fox.

EAST AND WEST.

When Mr. Price Collier began his journey to the Far East he spilled opinions by the way enough to run a Chautauqua course. His was a travel story that concerned itself most with the poor looks and the bad manners of the neighbors at home. But when he got to India, he met up with a new point of view that, at least for a time, put the opinionativeness in storage.

"The East," said Arthur Colton, "is a muddy sea with no bottom." Mr. Collier found no bottom their either and he began to feel a doubt if life also was not as fathomless and purposeless and wasn't generally overplayed. He writes:

It is a notable survival of the simian in man that so many people think that constant mental and physical activity is a measure of value. Busy people seldom accomplish anything. The statue, the poem, the painting, the solution of the economic, financial or social problem, the courage and steadfastness of war even, are all born in seclusion and appear mysteriously from nowhere. Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes all appear from nowhere and promptly take command of the busybodies. What a crowd of men we all recall who were so busy making themselves remembered that they are already forgotten!

Even if we do go at things bull-headed, intense, wastful of wrath and woe, probably in the end we will come as near learning the meaning of things and discovering happiness as the pious Hindoo contemplating the back of his mind. It is just the westerner's way of attacking the problem.

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate,
Or match with Destiny for beers."

THE DAY OF THE CHILD.

There is a district on the north side of Chicago known as "Little Hell." It lives up to its name—consisting of mean streets, squalid tenements, poverty seething as in a caldron. Two thousand children dwell there and because the nearest playground is miles away they have had to have their games in the streets amid moving wagons and gutter dirt. The other day Mayor Harrison ordered all wagons, hucksters and peddlers to keep out of Gault Place, a by-way of "Little Hell," for the summer. This will be turned over to the children for their playground. "We can call it 'Little Heaven' for a while," said the mayor.

In "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House" of Dickens, one learns how small a standing the children of the poor had a half century ago. We have miles to go before the conservation of the children, their care and their schooling and their pleasures are provided for as they should be. But it is clear that we are on the way. The world has come to see that in breeding strong, happy children, it is breeding strong generations. In making healthy bodies, it is making healthy nations.

A PREMIUM ON HEALTH.

The life insurance companies are conducted with keen watchfulness as to three vital factors—the expense rate, the interest rate and the mortality rate. The first two they have reduced to a science in so far as bringing it within the mathematics of their success or failure. Of the mortality rate, they are credited with knowing more than any other persons or institutions in the world. But according to a paper read before the meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents there are flaws in the computation, defects in the system.

Before the applicant for life insurance is issued a policy he must submit to an examination, more or less rigid. But once the policy is issued the interest of the insurance company in the health of the holder ceases. It immediately comes off guard. Death may come and the claim be paid, but there has been no watchfulness after the writing of the policy.

At the meeting of the presidents, the actuary of one of the big companies reported upon a study he had made of the sanitary conditions of southern cities. He brought out two points which may lead to widespread results. He showed that the insurance companies could afford to see to it that the lives of individual policyholders were prolonged and that there was profit for the companies in co-operating with municipalities in increasing the safeguards of health.

The first of these measures might prove impracticable, since it would involve a guardianship at once difficult for the companies and irksome to the policyholders. But the second appears altogether feasible. The insurance companies have a vast influence. The pressure they could bring to bear would force many a backward city to enforce sanitary laws and to introduce sanitary systems. The fire underwriters have more than a word to say about fire regulations and fire departments. The life insurance people might go even farther.

THRUSTS AT TRUSTS.

The department of justice is said to have a thousand complaints against the trusts upon its books. Investigation of alleged violations of the Sherman anti-trust law leads the department to believe that it can carry through several prosecutions with success before the end of the year.

The decisions in the cases against the Standard Oil Co. and the American Tobacco Co. proved that the Sherman law could deal with the trusts so far as to halt their policies of greed and tyranny. But they have not shown that the trust problem could be settled thereby. What are half a dozen suits, or half a hundred for that matter, as against the formation and the conduct of new combinations, new trade associations, new pools and new agreements? They amount to no more than the pin prick in the hide of a rhinoceros.

Only a few politicians who still perceive advertising material in the denunciation of the trusts pretend that prosecution can ever effectively stay the course of economic evolution. They but help to postpone the discovery of the solution. The real work of dealing with the difficulty lies with those who are confident that regulation, not foolish attempts at destruction, constitutes the answer.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

Careless men and some that were knaves were responsible for the importation of the yarrow, the wild carrot and the wild mustard. These probably came in grain brought for seed and here they have spread and thrived, at once proving a vexation for the farmer and providing an ornament for his lanes—the last a service the farmer would be the last to appreciate. It was natural that these immigrants, for which men were the unwilling carriers, should cling by preference to the fields and highways and avoid the waste and wild places.

Not so those other roadside flowers—or weeds, if you prefer it—which are native, the ironweed, the butterfly weed and the golden-rod. They are a more independent lot than the foreigners, growing most richly and most freely where the foot of man treads seldom—by the lakeside, in the sand stretches and upon land given over to the brush and second-growth timber. But all of these flowers, strangers and home-folk, serve in their unintentioned way to make the world bright and colorful. Even the farmer would say so if they would only keep out of his fields. The yarrow, whose record goes back to Homer and his tale of Troy, is not all mere decoration. It draws the insects in hordes where they are handiest to the birds. The wild carrot, which has a prettier and more fitting name in Queen Anne's lace, shares with the yarrow in thus making up for the damage it does amid the oats and wheat. Of the butterfly weed, the least complaint can be made. It is a docile plant, demanding little, and keeping its colors flying in spite of bleaching sun and automobile dust. Around the golden-rod, suspicion clings. Poets have urged that it be made a national flower and victims of hay-fever have prayed that it be condemned to perdition. Whichever be right surely doesn't matter to those who have an eye for simple grace and no weakness for sneezing.

A weed, said Emerson, is a plant whose virtues we have not yet discovered. In the road-side plants we possibly have forms of life in the transition period between weeds hated and cursed and flowers prized and beloved.

WHEN THE ARGOSIES FLY.

A balloonist in Cleveland gave a sample exhibition that was prophetic. He showed what the world might expect when the aeroplane becomes more common and the air ship will be an everyday sight. In an ascent he made he bowled over eight smokestacks, bumped with a thud into the side of a building and ripped out the rigging of a wireless telegraph station. As he came down he was less lucky, losing by a narrow margin the delight of throwing the stacks of a large manufacturing plant out of plumb.

So far the aeroplanists have exercised caution of a sort. Though they risked their lives most of them displayed a preference for taking the risk over open country or over water. But they are bound to be followed by hordes of birdmen who will not hesitate to go bumping through the canyons of city streets, to trying for the clouds from their own backyards, to jerking the levers over in the effort to dodge a flagstaff only to entangle themselves with the vanes of church steeples. It taxes no imagination to think of pleasanter ways to die than having a monkey wrench fall out of the sky upon one's head. If a man were to pick out a happy surprise he would never mention that of a gallon of gasoline shooting down the back of his neck.

We have great days ahead of us. The thoughtful will brace their chimneys with iron rods and look up the market for steel umbrellas.

BIGGER SHIPS STILL.

The head of a big firm of shipbuilders at Belfast says there is no limit to the size that steamers may be made except that set by docks and harbor depths. The Great Eastern, so long pronounced a folly, was a failure, he says, only because at the time she plied the seas there were no accommodations for her.

The recent construction of a vessel of 50,000 tons would indicate that harbor work and wharf convenience had progressed far toward taking care of steamers of unlimited tonnage. But there have been promises—read by some ports as threats—that artificial harbors will be made upon coasts bordered by deep water. Boston would virtually become an inland city if such construction were undertaken. The traveler from New York would go to the end of Long Island to catch his boat for Europe. Big vessels would end their voyages to Philadelphia below the Delaware Breakwater.

When engineers will attempt anything, the capitalists must perforce follow them.

A HOUSEKEEPING JOB

Opportunity was afforded a few days ago to observe the agent of a small town railroad station at his duties. This is what he did in seventy minutes of his day's work:

Took three messages from the telegraph wire.

Made notes of a claim against the express company.

Lit a lantern, made a slight repair upon it and climbed a signal pole with it.

Told three persons that the train was on time.

Patiently explained to a fourth that he didn't make the company's orders.

Checked five pieces of baggage and loaded them upon a truck.

Ran out with orders for a freight train and exchanged badinage with its conductor.

Filled the water cooler and held the drinking glass up to the light to see if it would stand the postponement of a washing.

Ran his eye over a pile of bills of lading.

Helped with the loading of a dozen empty milk cans.

Sold a few tickets and gave five minutes to an old lady who wanted to know if her daughter who was to visit her might possibly come upon the next train.

Said "howdy" to most of the people who had come down to see the train go through.

We can appreciate now the graphic quality in the statement of the man who said that running a railroad was a case of housekeeping.

THE HUNGER FOR FOLK-LORE.

Landmarks, hills and streams in a European country have not only names, but legends. Through the centuries they have gathered tradition as a fence rail gathers lichen. This has been one of the advantages a German or an English countryside could boast over an American rural district. There might be many stories here of an Indian fight, of a ghost, or of a hairy recluse, but few tales of fairies, of armored warriors and gnomes who forged troubles for human beings upon dark nights. There are Lovers' Leaps everywhere in America, but no stirring yarn of lovers driving a 10-foot bean pole through the economy of a dragon.

But we have been reading summer resort advertising recently and feel confident that the poverty of legend will soon pass away. We discover in one pamphlet, for example, that "upon this spot the great chief Masogwe held council with the spirits of his fathers before giving battle with the whites." Another enlightens us on history: "La Salle camped here and set up a cross, claiming the region for King Louis." The text which goes with the photographs is equally as significant. "Elf Glen," "The Devil's Pestle," "The Hill o' Grief" 'speak of folk-lore, inviting and shivery. The scoffer will say that these place-names were invented for the purpose of attracting tourists. That is just what we hope is true. For the summer resort keepers can command a great leisure and they might be enticed, for a suitable reward, to spend their off-seasons in plastering the vacant places with entertaining myths. When people will name a home "The Beeches," though there isn't a beech tree within 10 miles, or call a town upon a flat plain "Gibraltar," that surely indicates a hunger. The beeches might come and the rocks might be brought. So also may nymphs and goblins and distorted history be planted to the end that a vacuum be filled and children and summer boarders be made happy.

Sunday School

AN ANCIENT "MUCK-RAKER"

International Sunday School Lesson for August 6 Is "Jeremiah Tried and Acquitted." Jer. 26.

By William T. Ellis.

And Old Testament "muck-raker"—so his enemies might have termed Jeremiah, the Weeping Prophet, with whom the Sunday schools of the world are to spend the present month. It is a sorrow-seamed face that we behold when we look upon Jeremiah; his tears were not for himself, but for his nation. A weak man weeps for himself; but even the strongest man is honored by the tears he sheds for his native land. Let nobody look with contempt upon this sorrowing prophet, for he was not one of those ineffective persons who, in the presence of a calamity, merely weep and wring their hands.

The red blood of the brave coursed through Jeremiah's veins. He dared all dangers for his country's sake. Personal suffering, the public whipping post, the stocks imprisonment, the enmity of the rich and powerful, the ridicule of the populace—Jeremiah endured all this, and more, with the heroism of a patriot. He counted not his life as a prize to be retained if he might by any means serve his people. All the obloquy and ignominy that ever overtake a reformer fell to his lot; but, like many another of his calling since, he has been vindicated by history. One has need of long patience who would be a real reformer.

All the scorn that has been heaped upon the head of the modern "muck-raker," as some have chosen to call the men and women who tell the hard and unlovely truth about their own times, was first endured by this ancient prophet. Like all who merit classification with him, he had a passion for telling the truth—and the truth for the present hour at that. No vague and stupid generalizations for his. His message had a mark; that it found lodgment was proved by the number of vigorous enemies he made. There is no clearer testimony to the searching truthfulness of the Indian writings of Rudyard Kipling than the fact that he is heartily hated by a large portion of the British society in India, who cannot find adjectives sufficiently severe with which to characterize him. The way to win a poet-laureateship and decorations is not to tell the wholesome truth for the present hour, but to espouse the cause and party in power and to be "discreet," at whatever cost to truth. Since the first bard smote his lyre, the Jeremiahs of history have received more stones than decorations, more beatings than laurel crowns. But who would not rather be a Kipling than an Austin, a Jeremiah than one of the now nameless court prophets of Baal?

When the Pendulum Swings.

The pendulum of Judah's history had swung the other way after the death of the godly King Josiah. He himself had been guilty of a grave political blunnder in espousing the cause of Assyria, in the conflict between that power and Egypt. In the ripeness of his power, Josiah was slain in battle. The result was that an Egyptian puppet was placed upon the throne. King Jehoiakim, who naturally turned to the fashions of the powerful neighbor to whom he owed his position. Thus the old, old curse of idolatry came back into the land, and the reforms of Josiah weer largely undone.

Bewildered by the rapid succession of good and bad kings in Jewish history and the swift reversals of religious policy, one is tempted to ask whether the same fickelness is possible in our own time. Which brings us to a significant difference between this day and the times of old. At present, the greatest determining factor in a nation's life is the mind of the people. Nothing can hold sway for long against the popular will. It is necessary for the national conscience to be seared, or the national heart to be corrupt, for the nation to go altogether astray in morals and religion. Not so in the olden time. Then the king was the state. Dynasties rose and fell with amazing swiftness, because the king was all and the people were naught. Modern history moves more steadily and rationally because the spirit of democracy controls.

The Patriot Eyes.

Even in the creation of public opinion in those days the one man had greater corresponding power than today; for now we have hundreds of men in the prophet's office where Judah had one. Consider the editors teachers, preachers, and publicists who are as watchmen upon the walls of the commonwealth. The reason that the sanest of these are not weeping Jeremiahs is that there is no sufficient reason to be so. It would be well to pause in the teaching of this lesson to speak a word of gratitude for the clean-eyed and high-souled men and women who discern and publish abroad the signs of the times.

This ability to appraise aright the conditions of his own time is what makes the prophet. It was Jeremiah's characteristic. Self-analysis is necessary to self-cleansing. We must know our own day ere we can better it. That is why the need is great and ever greater for more prophets with patriot eyes. We need a new race of poets, filled with national spirit. The lack of poems, paintings and sculptures, and of music also, truly embodying the spirit of this new western democracy, and its providential place in the economy of nations, is really remarkable. Where are our cheerful Jeremiahs?

A Good Man's Enemies.

The present lesson is a story of plots and enemies. The Prophet's foes were athirst for his life. They did not like his tidings, and so they thought to silence his voice. That is an old fashion which has not yet gone out of vogue. To crush the man whose message makes you squirm—to drive him from his pulpit if he is a preacher, to buy out his paper or magazine if he is an editor, to defeat him at election if he holds public office—this is a modern method which is as old as Jeremiah's time. Only the rare person can refrain from regarding as an enemy the man who speaks a truth which touches him uncomfortably.

One strange fact about enemies which every reformer needs to bear always in mind is that good men may oppose the good. Sometimes a righteous man's foes will be they of his own household of faith. Noble men will, from motives which appear inscrutable, espouse the side which is opposed to light and progress. The priests were among Jeremiah's enemies. To be progressive and unconventional is to be misunderstood. Not only the children of darkness, but also the dwellers in the twilight, will oppose the heralds of the better day.

No lesson of history is older or plainer than this, yet every day some new servant of the public weal will persist in being surprised or grieved because estimable persons do not understand or approve of him. To work in any way that counts for the betterment of the present order is to win enemies. That fact should be written early and often in the reformer's platform; none the less it should not make him bitter or martyrlike; it is merely a part of the day's work, as bugs are part of potato-raising. The active worker in neighborhood politics, in church affairs, or in any other department of human welfare must expect misunderstandings, misrepresentations and even active enmity.

How the Fire Was Lighted.

The sense that God has spoken to him is the prime characteristic of every great prophet, whatever the vehicle of expression of his message. Jeremiah describes himself sufficiently as one "to whom the word of Jehovah came." There is no need for other biographical details; God spoke to him; that was his call and his equipment and his credentials. The story of Jeremiah's call, his overwhelming sense of unworthiness, and exaltation to the place of the prophet, which is above that of kings, is nowhere more adequately told than in this quotation:

"I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations.

"Then said I, 'Ah, Lord Jehovah! behold, I know not how to speak; for I am a child.'

"But Jehovah said unto me, 'Say not, "I am a child;" for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them; for I am with thee to deliver thee,' saith Jehovah.

"Then Jehovah put forth His hand and touched my mouth, and Jehovah said unto me, 'Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth; see, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to pluck up and to break down and to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant.'"

Well may the teacher of his fellows cry with Miss Havergal:

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone."

Quite understandable and praiseworthy is the recent action of a successful minister over a large church, who resigned his charge in order to spend a year apart from men, not for rest or recreation or intellectual study, but simply in order that he might hear more closely the voice of God, and cultivate his own inner life. Each in his own way must—yes, simply must—secure this detachment from the thronging world, in order to get the word which qualifies him to speak and to live. Only they can lead men who have at seasons gone aside from men in order to be in fellowship with the Unseen.

The Plot Against the Prophet.

The man whose ears have been open to any great word of God cares as little for men's praise as for their blame. Jeremiah feared not the face of man, because he had looked into the face of God. His messages were not sweet and soft, tickling his hearers' ears. He spoke of dread judgment to come upon the apostate nation. Because he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem the blind and erring leaders of his day, purveyors to and profiters from the nation's sin, thought to destroy him. Silencing the bell-buoy does not remove the rocks; but that fatuous error is one common to all enemies of the truth. So they set about the death of the fearless Jeremiah.

As if he cared! Nobody can be so disdainful of death, as he who has spoken the word of the Lord. The prophet bothered nothing about his life; that was merely a trumpet through which the Lord spoke, and if silenced on earth it would only grow more jubilant about greater messages in heaven. So Jeremiah flouted his enemies, speaking his word up to the very last. Perhaps it was the high unconcern of the prophet; perhaps it was a winged shaft from his quiver of truth, finding tardy lodgment in their hearts; perhaps it was long slumbering conscience at last awakened—whatever the reason, certain of the elders recalled King Hezekiah's nobler way with the Prophet Micah. Thus every good deed in the past rallies to the re-enforcement of the present good; Micah and Hezekiah, both faithful, though long dead, came to the succor of an imperilled prophet in the day of their children's children. Whenever virtue and nobility seem not worth while, to any spent and discouraged man, let it be remembered that they may be the salvation of children yet unborn. To betray the honor of the present, either in the single soul or in the state, is to sell the future into bondage. Jeremiah emerged from his present trial scatheless, because he feared not death, and because his predecessor in the prophetic office had been a true man under a worthy sovereign.

Varieties

The seventh wedding anniversary is woolen.

The average length of a motion picture film is one thousand feet.

American enterprise is pushing the beet sugar industry of Victoria.

The Canadian parliment has voted to expend $2,000,000 in improved terminals in Halifax.

England has 536 war vessels, Germany 334, France 206, United States 199, and Japan 161.

The candy bill in the United States last year reached the astonishing aggregate of $78,000,000.

The lumber interest of the northwest has shown a growth of 100 per cent in ten years.

The tallest and shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Lapps, live side by side.

The cosmopolitan character of the Pacific coast labor is being increased by an influx of Hindoos.

Easter comes on the first Sunday after the full moon, which appears upon or next after March 21.

After five years' effort a burning well in the Caddo field, of Louisiana, has just been extinguished.

The United States army has a baking plant capable of turning out twenty thousand two-pound loaves daily.

In some parts of China cotton is supplanting poppies as a crop, because of the rigid laws against the use of opium.

Permanent magnets of cast iron are being made commercially at a saving in cost of from 25 to 50 per cent over those of steel.

Salmon in the United States rank next to oysters in the value of the catch, being the leading species of fish in this respect.

Probably the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is a Russian, who has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

Parrots and even canaries have been known to refuse to eat and have died in sorrow and grief over the loss of their human companions.

The new metal known as I... metal is said to be 40 per cent lighter than aluminum, which makes it particularly useful for airships.

Rhode Island says the Providence Journal, casts a smaller vote, proportionately to its population, than is polled in any other northern state.

There is a marked decrease in the amount of lumber cut in the districts of the Great Lakes, owing to the decline in the source of supply.

If it were required, the little republic of Switzerland could put into the field a well equipped army of 200,000 men, and this could be done in 48 days' time.

Germany imported more than two thousand tons of fruit waste in 1910, principally apple and pear pomace and cores, to be used by jelly manufacturers.

American women of social prominence and athletic tendency are thinking of organizing fire brigades in exclusive urban sections where the men are lacking.

In the sixteenth century no one was considered in full dress unless he had a mirror at her breast. It was oval in shape about four by six inches in size.

More than one writer has described the moon as riding high in midheaven, while in the crescent stage, a condition of things impossible on any night of the year.

Last year Japan had 17,283 foreign tourists, of whom 3,161 were English, 3,870 American and 5,730 Chinese. There was an increase of two hundred over the previous year.

As a memorial to the late King Edward VIII, a medical school in Malaysia is proposed. One wealthy Chinese tin mine owner has given $5,000 to the memorial fund.

Exports from the United States for the present year will probably exceed last year's figures by about one hundred million dollars, and cross the two billion line.

In times of peace there are annually one thousand two hundred deaths in the British army annually, the rate per thousand abroad being two and one-half times that at home.

Frank R. Stockton used to say that judging by appearance: "Don't carry a man because he carries a silk umbrella—he may have left a cotton one in its place."

In Barcelona the moving picture shows are so popular that on Sundays thousands of people can be seen outside of them waiting for their turn to secure admission.

It is suggested that the Chinese bustard be domesticated in America. It weighs from fourteen to eighteen pounds and the meat is said to be very well flavored.

A bill has been introduced in parliament to prevent the importation to the United Kingdom from foreign countries of goods manufactured under sweated conditions.

In the custom of the Orient, A. J. Hill, who has such important commercial relations in China, sends Oregon and Washington apples for holiday gifts to Chinese friends.

China is sending a naval mission to Netherlands India to visit the principal ports of the Dutch and English possessions. The Hague and London governments favor the mission.

The increase in motoring has created a demand in England for country houses, but it has, in connection with other causes, lessened the demand for expensive urban residences.

The entire harbor improvement of Singapore are to cost $20,000,000, to be borne entirely by the colony. Difficulties have arisen in the work, causing delay, and the colonists are alarmed.

An umbrella with windows is the latest in Paris. The reason given for the innovation is the difficulty of getting about on account of the dense crowds caused by traffic, especially in bad weather.

The offer of a prize has not solved the problem of the profitable use of the wind mills in the Netherlands for the generation of electricity. Four cents an hour a lamp was the cost that could be done.

George Clinton Paine, of Elmira, N. Y., who was 100 years old, always claims to being the oldest newspaper agent in the world. He says he has sold 1,000 books of fiction in the past two months.

A Springfield (Mo.) woman, while walking in her sleep a few nights ago paraded the down town section carrying a pillow in one hand and a broom in the other. A policeman who happened to be awake rescued the

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ...You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with

ABSORBINE JR.

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, pain-relieving liniment, and proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. H. C. Kellogg, Beckett, Mass. before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 per bottle. $2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment FREE. Dr. Greens Sons, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safe; it relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHMBTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER SPECIALTIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

WILHELM ON JOB, QUIET

English Lion Smooths Prussian Eagle's Feathers.

Berlin, July 31.—The return of Emperor William to the capital has not affected the Moroccan negotiations, contrary to intimations in the Paris papers that his majesty would change Foreign Minister Von Kiderlen Waechter's policy. The emperor, according to an official statement today, received a report on the negotiations, but no details have been given out. The Anglo-French reports regarding Togoland and the Kameruns, where it had been said concessions might be made in exchange for a strip of the French Congo, are unconfirmed.

It is learned that Germany took diplomatic steps regarding the speech of David Lloyd George, the British chancellor, and subsequent English newspaper comment in which the pronouncement was construed as Great Britain's veto of a Franco-German settlement on the basis of a concession to Germany in the French Congo. Germany demanded and received an explanation that England was not interested outside of the Congo. This attitude was later embodied in Premier Asquith's statement in the house of commons. But for this understanding between Berlin and London, the situation might have been critical.

START ON ARCTIC TRIP

Norwegian Explorers Stop in New York En Route.

New York, July 31.—Christian Leden and Horald Thaulow, two Norwegian explorers, arrived in New York yesterday via the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria on their way to the Arctic regions. They will study a band of Indians who have never been seen by a white man.

Mr. Leden is 29 and Mr. Thaulow 24, but both have had much experience in Arctic explorations. They have been as far north 77 degrees and met Dr. Cook on their last expedition.

They will stop at the Waldorf three days before leaving for Montreal. From there, they will go to Edmonton. When they reach Athabasca lake, they will canoe to the Great Slave lake.

CROSSES SEA 1,000 TIMES

New York, July 31.—The most traveled transatlantic purser in the world left this port yesterday on his 1,000th voyage across the Atlantic. He is Thomas Kinsey, purser of the St. Paul of the American line.

He has traveled more than 3,000,000 miles, and in one year, some time ago, while purser on the St. Louis, of the same line, he made 35 trips, some record in itself. He has friends all over the world made during his many crossings of the ocean.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay-fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

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FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 90-B, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y. Send free trial of your method to:

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TAFT LASHES THE ALASKA CRITICS

Assumes Full Responsibility for the Opening of Controller Bay.

MESSAGE IN BRIEF.

President Taft, in a special message to the senate on the controversy over the opening of Controller Bay, Alaska, assumes full responsibility for the order throwing the land bordering the bay open to settlement—a total of 12,800 acres.

He brands the "Dick to Dick" postscript as a "wicked fabrication."

He declares his brother, Charles P. Taft, "has no interest in Alaska, never had, and knows nothing of the circumstances connected with this transaction"

The President declares his brother never met Richard S. Ryan, alleged author of the postscript.

He declares Alaska needs development, and that when rights and franchises can be properly granted to encourage investment and construction of railroads, without conferring exclusive privileges, he believes it to be in accordance with good policy to grant them.

He dwells on the "misinformation, hysteria and rancor" that has prompted the attacks upon his order in the Controller Bay matter.

Washington, July 27.—President Taft sent a special message to congress yesterday shouldering full responsibility for opening for settlement and development 12,800 acres of the Chugach national forest reserve in Alaska—an incident which has become to be known as the "Controller Bay Affair." In concluding, he brands the now famous "Dick to Dick" postscript as a "wicked fabrication" and says that Charles P. Taft, whose name appeared in the alleged postscript, "nas no interest in Alaska, never had, and knows nothing of the circumstances connected with this transaction."

Assumes Responsibility.

"I wish to be as specific as possible upon this point," says the President in his message, "and to say that I alone am responsible for the enlargement of the proposed elimination from 320 acres to 12,800 acres, and that I proposed the change and stated my reasons therefor. The thing which Alaska needs is development, and where rights and franchises can be properly granted to encourage investment and construct a railroad without conferring exclusive privileges, I believe it to be in accordance with good policy to grant them."

He relates how Ryan, representing the Controller Railway & Navigation Co., applied in 1909 for the elimination of a tract to enable this company to secure railroad terminals, etc.

The President says he had every assurance at the time that the Controller Railway & Navigation Co. was an independent enterprise working in all good faith, and that no evidence to the contrary has since been brought to his attention. "Of course, it was possible," he continues, "that the owners of the Copper River Railway Co." (Messrs. Morgan and Guggenheim) "might attempt to buy this railroad when and if it were built. It was possible that Mr. Ryan was acting for the interests of the Copper River railroad, although I did not believe it; but whether this was true or not, it was clear that the order of elimination by reason of the restrictions of the act of congress would not permit the owners of either railroad to shut out any other capitalists."

"Dick to Dick" Letter.

Taking up the "Dick to Dick" episode the President says in conclusion:

"Before closing, I desire to allude to a circumstance which the terms of this resolution make apt and relevant. It is a statement by one Miss M. F. Abbott that in an examination of the files of the interior department a few weeks ago, she found a postscript attached to a letter of July 13, 1910, addressed by Mr. Richard S. Ryan to Secretary Ballinger—and in the present record—urging the elimination of land enough for terminals for the Controller Railway and Navigation Co. The postscript was said to read as follows:

Here's the Alleged Letter.

"'Dear D———: I went to see the President the other day. He asked me who it was I represented. I told him according to our agreement, that I represented myself. But this didn't seem to satisfy him. So I sent for Charlie Taft and asked him to tell his brother, the President, who it was I really represented. The President made no further objection to my claim. Yours, DICK.

"The postscript is not now on the files of the department. If it were it would be my duty to transmit it under this resolution. I do not transmit it, not only for the reason that it is not now on the files of the department, but for the reason that it never was on the files of the department, at least as an authentic document. Who is really responsible for its wicked fabrication if it ever existed, or for the viciously false statement made as to its authenticity, is immaterial for the purpose of the communication.

Brother Not in It.

"The statement, in so far as my brother is concerned—and that is the chief feature of the postscript—is utterly unfounded. He never wrote to me or spoke to me in reference to Richard S. Ryan or on the subject of Controller Bay or the granting of any privileges or the making of any orders in respect to Alaska. He has no interest in Alaska. never had, and knows nothing of the circumstances connected with this transaction.

"The fact is that Mr. Ballinger never saw the letter of July 30, 1910, to which this postscript is said to have been attached. It was sent to me by Mr. Carr, Secretary Ballinger's private secretary, at Beverly, on July 14—the next day. I read the letter at Beverly in August with other papers and sent them to the White House. It was placed upon the White House files and remained there until April 22, 1911, when it was, by request of Secretary Fisher, returned to the interior department, and it was after this that Miss Abbott says she saw the letter with the postscript attached. Mr. Carr saw no such postscript when he sent the letter to me. I did not see it when I read it. No one saw it in the executive office, but it remained to appear as a postscript when Miss Abbott saw the letter in April or May on the files of the interior department. All others were denied the sight.

"Stronger evidence of the falsity and maliciously slanderous character of the alleged postscript could not be had.

Favors Development.

"I am in full sympathy with the concern of reasonable and patriotic men that the valuable resources of Alaska should not be turned over to be exploited for the profit of greedy, absorbing, monopolistic corporations or syndicates. Whatever the attempts which have been made, no one, as a matter of fact, has secured in Alaska any undue privilege or franchise not completely under the control of congress, and in all the scandal with which the public has been regaled very few specific instances of corrupt or improper attempts to acquire vested interests in Alaska have been shown by evidence that would stand the test of judicial examination."

TIZ---For Tender Feet

A new, scientific medical toilet tablet which

Draws Out All Inflammation and Soreness.

This remarkable foot bath remedy is **Superior to Powder, Plaster or Salve** and is guaranteed to cure Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Frostbites, Chilblains, Ingrowing Nails, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Nervous, Sweaty, Bad Smelling Feet.

Smaller Shoes Can Be Worn by using TIZ, because it puts and keeps the feet in perfect condition.

TIZ is for sale at all druggists, 25 cents per box or direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Steel Roof Protects Buildings from Fire

Defies the Lightning Also, Says Edwards Mfg. Co., and Backs Its Guaranty With $10,000 Bond.

Fire protection on the farm has just been exhaustively investigated by one of the largest manufacturers of roofing, with results of great importance to every farmer and builder.

The investigation was conducted by The Edwards Mfg. Co., of Cincinnati, manufacturer of the well known Edwards' "Reo" Steel Shingles.

Many actual instances were given where the spread of fire was prevented by nothing else than the steel shingles on neighboring buildings. Without these shingles the buildings would surely have caught from the sparks and flying fragments.

Farmers also bear out the Edwards Mfg. Company's strong assurance that "Reo" Steel Shingles are equally efficient protection against lightning. The company guarantees every roof sold against damage by lightning, and backs its guaranty by a $10,000.00 bond.

Anyone can lay the Edwards' Reo Steel Shingles with hammer and nails. They come in stamped sheets of Bessemer Steel, 5 to 12 feet long, width 24 inches, either painted or galvanized.

Readers are invited to write for new Free Catalog No. 875. Send the dimensions of buildings. The address is THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 825-875 Lock Street, Cincinnati, O.

PENSION US ALL, BERGER PLAN

Socialist Congressman's Bill Provides $4 a Week for All Over 60.

Washington, July 31.—A pension of $4 a week for every man and woman more than 60 years of age is provided for by Representative Victor L. Berger, the Socialist member from Wisconsin. The report included in his bill a clause that none of the courts of the country, not even the supreme court of the United States, should pass upon its validity.

"The old workingmen and women are entitled to a living outside of the poor houses and without aid of private charities," said Mr. Berger in discussing his bill. "If the old parties and the supreme court do not realize that fact, they will be wiped out of existence, together with the old constitution."

DRAWS THE DEVIL'S PICTURE

Preacher Says He's 20th Century Politician and Biggest Liar.

Chicago, July 31.—"The devil is a reality. He may be a joker, but he is no joke. He is as subtle as a twentieth century politician and the biggest liar the ages have produced." This statement was made today by Rev. C. D. King, pastor of the Norwood Park Methodist Episcopal church at the closing session of the fifty-second annual Desplaines camp meeting.

"Man has not changed in the essentials of his character since the days of Adam and Eve," continued Dr. King.

"The bold outlines are the same. Adam's program of innocence, sin, guilt, sorrow, struggle and salvation still is our program.'

SACRED MUSIC ACQUITS THEM

Hand Organ's "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Softens Justice.

Pittsburg, July 29.—During the hearing of Carno Suno, aged 67, of Paterson, N. J., a grind-organ man, and Robert Hughes, aged 60, a fifer, a police officer turned the organ crank and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" started.

Magistrate Saam then discharged them. The prisoners were accused of violating a city ordinance.

TRENTON BEGINS TO FEEL ITS OATS

Jersey Capital All Fussed Up Over the Wilson Boom.

Trenton, N. J., July 25.—Trenton, N. J., where Washington once so famously smote the Hessians, is happy in the belief that ere long it will become the national capital of Democracy.

Every time a Trentonian thinks of Governor Woodrow Wilson he smiles in anticipation of the time when his town will enjoy the nation-wide interest that in former presidential campaigns was bestowed upon Canton, O.; Oyster Bay, and Lincoln, Neb. For every Trentonian believes that Governor Wilson will carry the standard of the national Democracy next year.

Even now this old revolutionary burg is beginning to feel its presidential oats. Even now the well-read ne'er-do-wells are beginning to hang around the depots to catch glimpses of the big politicians who are drifting here, attracted by the noise of the Wilson boom.

Trenton Is Fussing Up.

Already there is a manifest disposition to polish up the city's beauty spots and clear away the briers and brush from the spot where Washington landed on the bank of the Delaware after the famous crossing. One or two new "revolutionary" rockers will be installed in the house where Washington ate breakfast that historic morning.

The farmer who owns the battle ground of Princeton, only five miles from here, allows he'll put the field down in grass next year. "Grass'll look handsomer than to have it grown up with corn and potatoes."

No joking, though, Trenton does believe that Woodrow Wilson is the man of the hour for Democracy.

New Jersey is fairly paved with broken political promises. Before Wilson became governor it had been many generations since a man in public office had fulfilled a party pledge. In the four months that he was governor he succeeded in convincing a Democratic house of assembly and a Republican senate that the only safe thing to do was to return to the people the platform pledges of both parties marked "Redeemed," and it was done by unanimous vote.

Promises That Were Kept.

Both parties had been promising for decades past to pass a public utilities law "with teeth in it," to pass a workingman's compensation law, to pass a corrupt practices act, to reform the election system, to pass a law providing as nearly as possible for direct election of senators. Under Wilson all these things were done.

That is why the progressive Republicans of New Jersey are so pleased with their experiment in supporting Wilson. They have accomplished more in one year by that action than they were able to accomplish in 15 years of trying to wrest the control of their own party from the hands of the regular organization.

BEAT WIFE HITCHED TO PLOW

Missouri Farmer Complained Of by His Neighbors.

Kansas City, Mo., July 31.—Lafayette Choat, the farmer whose wife says he hitched her up with mules and drove her in the field, is in jail at Liberty charged with felonious assault. Deserted by his wife and two small children, his neighbors demand that he be prosecuted. No one has volunteered to sign a $500 bond for him.

The two Choat boys—one 4 and the other 6 years old—told the story of their father's cruelty.

"Papa whipped mamma with a big strap," said Beathel. "He tied mamma's hands behind her with a rope and then tied the rope to the plow, and she had to walk and keep up or be dragged. We couldn't hardly keep up, could we, Basil?"

"Mamma couldn't hardly keep up, either," Basil added.

"Mamma couldn't walk much it plowed ground, with her hands tied behind her, and when she stumbled papa would hit her with the strap."

"Did father whip mamma before that day?" was asked.

"Yes, papa whipped mamma lots of times," answered Beathel. "He's whipped upu, too."

"Do you want to go back to the farm to live with your papa again?"

"You won't let them take us back, will you?" the little fellows asked, a pitiful plea on their frightened faces.

"Do you want to stay with your mamma?"

That brought back the smiles.

WRECKS STREW EAST COAST

West Indian Hurricane Vents Rage on New England Shipping.

Boston, July 29.—Each hour today brought succeeding chapters of shipwreck, disaster and loss of life from West Indian hurricanes that reached the New England coast yesterday. At noon today four coast-wise sailing vessels were fast on the rocks, and beaches, or helplessly adrift off the coast, while from Cape Cod to Bar Harbor there was scarcely a harbor that did not show disabled yachts.

BOY ADMITS MURDER

Hotel Employe, 17 Years Od, Climbs Through Transom to Murder.

New York, July 28.—Paul Geidel, a 17-year-old boy, was arrested here early today as the murderer of William Henry Johnson, the aged Wall street broker, who was found murdered in his room in the Iroquois hotel on 44th street, yesterday.

An hour after the arrest Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty and District Attorney Whitman brought out from the room where they had been closeted with Geidel, a long typewritten confession which the lad had dictated and signed, giving a full account of the crime. Robbery was the motive, according to the lad's statement, but the murder netted him only $6 in cash and a gold watch which he pawned for $18.

Geidel was a bell boy at the Iroquois hotel until last Friday, when he was discharged. He was without money. On going to his rooming place he noticed a bottle of chloroform which his landlady had purchased a few days before in order to kill painlessly an ailing pet dog. It occurred forthwith to Geidel, the confession says, that he might obtain money by chloroforming and robbing Jackson, who was reputed to carry large sums about with him.

The confession, as given out, by the police, continues substantially as follows:

"Late Wednesday night I entered the basement of the hotel and walked unobserved, by the rear stairway, to the tenth floor. I climbed to the bathroom of Mr. Jackson's apartment through a transom in the corridor. He awoke as I was preparing to drop the chloroform-soaked rag over his face, and instead of going unconscious at once with the drug, he began a desperate fight. I hit him hard in the face and he sank down helpless. Then the chloroform did the rest.

"I went through the room and his clothes, took the little money he had and his watch and hurried out as I came. My clothing was badly stained and I took it to a tailor to be cleaned. My soiled shirt I threw into a garbage barrel on a side street. Then I went home. I am glad now that it is all over. The suspense has been terrible."

HINDU SHOOTS DOWN 9

Lunatic Stands at Crowded Chicago Street Corner and Uses Mauser.

Chicago, July 26.—Mad with loneliness, M. Husain, 25, a dusky Hindu, stood on the corner of Clark and Washington streets yesterday afternoon and, with a Mauser rifle at his shoulder, fired bullets as large as a man's finger straight into the crowds of white faces that his eyes had come to hate.

Each bullet which the high-powered rifle spat into the fleeing crowds hit three persons before it rested. Four of these were seriously injured.

The Husian warrior against the Occident, swung his clubbed rifle at Mounted Policeman Bernard Mallow and Patrolman M. J. Haynes, who were rushing on him and, with a cry of "I hate your America!" leaped against their breasts. They overpowered him and took him to the central station, where he was declared insane.

Interrogated by Inspector Hunt, Husain said he had been in Chicago three months, but he refused to tell where he had come from. He said he was a molder, and once had served in the British army in India. He said he was in Pittsburg several months ago.

The man was dressed in khaki hunting clothes, and when he began to shoot it was thought he was a soldier from the lake front tournament camp. Many persons who saw him calmly firing the rifle at intervals of about 15 seconds believed he was shooting blank cartridges and that his performance was some sort of advertisement for the Chicago opera house.

The idle watchers saw him point the gun carelessly up Washington street to the west—taking hip aim. The rifle discharged. The hundreds of passersby stopped, startled, but moved on again. The reassuring thought came that the little dark hued man was shooting to advertise the show in the Chicago opera house. In a minute he shot again in the same direction—west up Washington street. Then he shifted the rifle to the east.

Diagonally across the intersection of Washington and Clark streets the gun was pointed for the third shot. Policemen were running toward the little man in khaki when he clicked the trigger for the fourth time, aimed due east up Washington street, but there was no explosion. The magazine had become jammed with an empty shell. Whiel he was working frantically with the gun two policemen wrested the rifle from his grasp and threw him to the sidewalk.

The crowd, in apprehension, now looked about, saw a body on the sidewalk a few feet away west of the Chicago opera house; saw a man writhing in agony on the northeast corner of Washington and Clark streets; saw another man in front of the opera house holding a bleeding left hand. A boy screaming; the man yelling for help. Instantly the crowd realized its passed peril.

FATAL BREAK BY ENGLISH LORDS

When They Tried to Stop Lloyd-George's Budget, Trouble Started.

Originally the great council of English peers was the only body consulted by the English kings. But as a powerful middle class came into existence with the development of trade, its representatives were invited to London to sit in a conference known as a parliament.

At first the commons could only petition for legislation which was drawn up by the lords after the petitioners had gone home. But gradually they asserted their right to initiate legislation, and for several hundred years the two houses had equal authority. Then the commons became the predominant partner and early in the last century the principle was established that the ministry could hold office only so long as it had a majority in the house of commons.

The house of lords, however, remained an important part of the government. Its assent to legislation was still necessary, and theoretically its powers were equal to those of the commons. But it exercised them with discretion. As it became evident that the British people would never tolerate the over-riding of their wishes as expressed by the representatives in the house of commons by a non-elective body, such as the lords, the theory grew up that the lords should exercise only a suspensive veto. That is, they might reject or amend a bill that had come from the commons. But if the ministry should appeal to the people in a general election and should be sustained, the upper house would give way gracefully and let the measure go through.

It was on this theory that Gladstone's home rule bills were rejected. The lords ventured to oppose them in the belief that the country would not uphold the great prime minister on a referendum.

The suspensive veto, while plausibly defended as a fair means for getting the sober second judgment of the nation, was grossly unfair in its actual workings. When the conservatives were in power the suspensive veto of the lords was never used. So the system amounted to a 1-chamber legislature under the conservatives, but a 2-chamber legislature, with one chamber hostile to the government, under the liberals. The further difficulty developed that the minority party used its control of the lords to block liberal legislation on many matters which were not of sufficient moment to warrant an appeal to the country in a general election.

The English people are temperamentally practical and superficially, at least, conservative. The agitation for a reform of the upper house made little progress until a definite issue came up two years ago in the shape of the great budget presented by the liberal chancellor of the exchequer, David Lloyd-George. Confronted with a deficit the government proposed a radical scheme of taxation bearing heavily on the wealthy and the privileged classes. The taxes on liquors were increased, the income tax was put up, the inheritance tax was heavily advanced and—to the landed nobility, most shocking of all—there was an application of part of the Henry George system, by which a levy was laid on land values, part of the unearned increment was taken, and the holding of vacant land was penalized.

The lords rallied to the defense of their class from the new taxes. They took the unprecedented step of rejecting the budget. It had long been supposed to be a constitutional principle in England that whatever power the upper house might exercise over general legislation, it had no authority to interfere with a money bill in any way. So the action of the peers, evidently inspired by selfish interest, not only made the budget an issue before the country, but brought up the question of the reform of the house of lords to make a repetition of the incident impossible. The cabinet appealed to the country on the budget and was sustained.

INDORSE TAFT IN NEBRASKA

Republicans Praise Work Which Has Been Done by Him.

Lincoln, Neb., July 26.—Nebraska Republicans, in convention yesterday, gave President Taft and his administration a strong indorsement and blocked all efforts of a small band of insurgent delegates to arouse sentiment for Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, as a presidential candidate.

The insurgents lacked a leader and were outgeneraled by Victor Rosewater and his delegation from Omaha.

An attempt to have the convention instruct the resolutions committee to refrain from indorsing any individual candidate met with summary treatment.

Out of the total of 855 votes in the convention it was said by regular leaders that the insurgents could not muster a following of more than 150 delegates.

FINDS 78 PEARLS IN ONE CLAM

Fisherman Makes Discovery in Black River at South Haven.

South Haven, Mich., July 27.—Summer resorters, swimming in the Black River this afternoon, were greatly excited when a fisherman found a clam containing 78 perfect pink pearls.

The finder of the valuable shell left his guests immediately after his coup exclaiming: "This is enough work for one day."

The bathers abandoned the springboards and floats after the fisherman left and searched for clams all day.

WEST VIRGINIA HAS A FROST

Thermometer Drops Away Down Among Forties.

Bluefield, W. Va., July 27.—Bluefield was visited this morning by midsummer frost. The thermometer registered far down in the 40s shortly after midnight.

PRESIDENT'S BODY GUARD DIES

Washington, July 29.—Martin O'Brien, for 18 years one of the guards at the White House and for the last 10 years known as the President's body guard, being stationed on the second floor of the executive mansion, just outside of the President's suite, died here last night of heart failure.

MAN SUCCESSFULLY SHOOTS NIAGARA FALLS IN BARREL

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 26.—"Bobby" Leach made a trip over the Horseshoe falls in a steel cask yesterday afternoon and lives to tell the tale of an experience more thrilling than any of his features, several trips through the whirlpool, a number of balloon ascensions, a ride over the Seneca falls in a barrel and leap off the upper steel arch bridge over the Niagara river with a parachute.

Though he was severely battered and bruised in the drop of 158 feet over the brink of the cataract, he sustained only superficial injuries.

This is the second time in the history of the river that the cataract has been successfully navigated. Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, of this city made the trip in a barrel Oct. 24, 1901, and came out alive.

Harassed by the police on both sides of the river, Leach was forced to make his start from La Salle, two miles and a half above the cataract on the United States side. Two riversmen took him in a launch to Navy island, where everything was made shipshape and Leach was placed in the barrel, a steel affair 11 feet long with ends of wood. Leach was hung in a canvas hammock.

The barrel with its passenger was cast adrift just off the mouth of Chippewa creek, hardly a mile above the brink of the Horseshoe at 2:53 o'clock and was quickly caught by the rush of the upper rapids. When 500 yards from the brink the barrel was caught in the tremendous current and raced to the chasm.

Within 200 yards of the brink it struck hard against a rock and a large section of the wooden end was broken off. As the barrel reached the crest at 3:13 o'clock it swung straight and went plunging down into the abyss on its long axis.

Hardly 30 seconds elapsed until it was seen, a red speck, careening in the spume below the cataract. With the terrific outrush of the Horseshoe, caused by high water, the barrel went floating down, tossing and tumbling in its passage toward the upper steel arch bridge.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN to write advertisements while employed, earn $25 to $100 a week. Write for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Mail Clerks, Carriers, Clerks at Washington, D. C., $600 to $1,200 yearly. September examinations everywhere. Preparation free. Write for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

DUSTLESS Dust Cloths sell on sight. Every woman buys; 200 per cent profit; sample 10c; particulars free. I. B. Co., Box 230, Newton, Iowa.

AGENTS—Something new in door plates and glass signs. Make them yourselves. No painting. No delays. We furnish everything. Big profits. Write for particulars. Eastern Specialty Co., 63 Barclay St., New York.

WANTED—Agents for the Wheelock Aprons. Ladies wishing to earn a few dollars every week. Address Joe Wheelock, Weedsport, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

ARKANSAS Farms. Fertile land, $8 to $15 acre, large list and Homeseekers Guide mailed free. State map 15c. Moore, Searcy, Ark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GO on the stage. Will tell you how. Particulars for stamp. J. G. Egerly, Newton, Ia.

YOUR First Chance. We give you 1,000 lessons by mail of how to make money; many trade secrets never before given away. Complete course post paid for $1.00. J. W. G. & Co., 2-Bx. 54. Hurricane, W. Va.

EXCHANGE.

EXCHANGE for grain farm near Olatha, Kan. in Ill or Ind. 343 acres near Thurman, Ia., a good grain or stock farm; very rich soil. A. V. Nelson, Thurman, Ia.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MAIL DIME, BIRTHDATE FOR BOOKLET, 3 questions answered free. Mad, Beverly, Lily Dale, N. Y.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue, and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

THE DUKE OF BROADWAY IS PACKING EGGS FOR LIVING

New York, July 31.—"I left the broilers of Broadway for the hens of Sussex and they all wear red hats and white feathers. I feed 'em well and we are all on the good old spring water wagon. It's a handicap to a man to be born rich. I tell you 'dad'll pay' sounds all right, but just the same you're the goat that has to pay in the end. I get up now with the chickens. The roosters wake me up where a cocktail used to.

"I always did things thoroughly, even when it was the Great White Way; now it's the big white eggs. I don't light any more cigars with $5 bills, but I can pack eggs. If a man makes bohemia an episode instead of the whole thing in life, no harm's done."

The last place one would look for Clarence Brown, the once spendthrift son of the late Commodore Brown, who lit cigars with $5 bills, whom Nina Farrington immersed in champagne and christened the "Duke of Broadway," whom Fanny Ward sued for $100,000 for breach of promise and who married a Chicago girl, would be peacefully conducting an egg farm in New Jersey. But with the greater part of his fortune left, full of quaint philosophy and bubbling over with epigrams, based largely upon his lucky escape from the white lights, he is doing just that.

It was out on his 50-acre farm in Sussex that Mr. Brown was seen. He had just finished his luncheon and with his girls—Gladys, Adelaide and Vera—had gone to pack the daily output of eggs. Mr. Brown does not look his 49 years, for the open air life and his interest in the normal things of life have rejuvenated him.

"It took me 15 years to learn the emptiness of bubbles and Broadway," said he, "and those 15 years I have put out at compound interest in experience, and expect to make 'em work for me the rest of my life. Even Broadway, as bad as it is, did me a good turn when I sickened of it. I beat it in the nick of time, when most men would be out of commission now.

"Now," he continued, as he sorted the basketfuls of white eggs, "it's easy enough for me to be content and not long for the old days. See these kiddies? Well, there is nothing on earth like kiddies. They make a man wake up with a start to the real value of living. I want these three little girls of mine to grow up to know there is only one kind of women—good women. Many are unfortunate—many get the worst of it—but no woman is bad. Badness, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

"I as not a preacher and I don't regret a day of my life, but I'm mighty glad my crop of wild oats is harvested—and I guess the little mother and those three kids had a good deal to do with it," he added.

LIGHTNING SINGES 20 SCALPS

Monticello, N. Y., July 27.—Twenty New Yorkers at a summer boarding house here, were injured today when the house was struck by a bolt of lightning. One woman, Sarah Grabner, probably will die. Every one of the 20 was burned on top of the head.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT

We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellow; in Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 100 Vitaline tablets.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people benefited after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 108 Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

Berry-Picking.

CHAPTER twelve of The Blade Book.

Just in time for this week's installment of The Blade Book, Kityne Kern, from Indiana, drops in with the announcement that the berry season is here again. She follows her announcement with a story of how she and her sisters used to go berry-picking, so, hoping to be forgiven, I am going to say to our men writers, "please be good and let the lady have The Blade Book corner while the berry season is on and her story fits the case of those who go berry-picking.

The Blade Book is to be a continuous performance and of unlimited chapters. Something good to fill its pages drop into my letter basket nearly every day. Mary Cassidy has to put her foot in it once in a while, but she, "bein' a worthy woman an' the mother of eight, let alone Dennis, her youngest," surely should have an occasional hearing.

She will be up to something again before long, and more of her doings are likely to be told about in the near future. Tolay, it is one of our lady friends from Indiana who puts in a claim for attention.

"Order in the court!" while the lady speaks.

Dear Blade Friends and Fellow Citizens—The berry season is here again and I wonder if it would interest any of The Blade berry pickers to read a description of a day in a berry patch, as "we girls" used to see it.

With the exception of myself, all of "we girls" are married, but it is still interesting and enjoyable to me to think back over the times when we were all here together, and especially interesting are my memories of the berry season.

The first thing in the morning, after the milking was done by we two older girls, Mary and I, and the breakfast dishes were washed by the youngest chubby one, Ida, we hunted up our worst, old dresses, because we knew they would suffer loss around the bottom, or elsewhere, as we were great hands to tear our clothes all to pieces in this work. Sometimes Mary took one of our mother's dresses, and I tell you she was a sight. She is more slender than I am, and I am as slim as a fence rail, more or less, and mother was fatter than chubby Ida, and that was pretty fat, so you may guess how Mary looked in mother's dress.

Mary wore gloves—great big gloves. They were thick ones, too, thick as your heel. They were all patched and patched, one patch on another. That was what made them so thick. For an apron she used a bonedust sack. It had the dust pretty well off of it, remember. Can you see her in your mind's picture? I certainly can.

In appearance, Ida and I were just about as dignified as Mary. Ida never wore gloves except in the berry patch, and then they were stockings with the toes cut off. Gloves made in a hurry. I wore them all the time and my hands were always blacker than Ida's.

Well, here we are ready for our berry trip; a very comical looking party, but a happy lot. This is one of the days we intended to stay all day, so of course we must have some dinner. Perhaps you would like to know about that matter. Our dinner was thrown together in a hurry, but it was good for berry-pickers as hungry as we were, when dinner time arrived. For myself, I did not have a quart bucket full, but what I did have was solid stuff and good, though I will tell you I had a part of Mary's before we were through.

Mary had a gallon bucket, nearly filled. Mary is quite greedy when it comes to eating, and she took enough to the patch for a healthy appetite. Mary does not take The Blade, so it maybe she will not read this, but Ida does, so I had better watch out.

Ida's appetite was just between the two, so here is our dinner ready. This is the day we did big work and brought in 14 gallons of berries, so you may know we had to hunt up several buckets. After this was done, one of us had to go to the well for water, to take to the patch. None of us wanted this job, but I usually had to take it.

At last, we are ready to start. Here we go, I in front; Ida next and Mary following up at the rear. This is the way we almost always went to the patch, but when returning, I was behind and Mary in front. We laughed at Mary and told her that she hated so to get into the patch she stayed behind, and she was so glad to get back, she was always in front. I hardly think this was doing her justice, but she took it, "good and easy."

It was about three-quarters of a mile to the patch, so we were not very tired when we reached there, but we were rather lazy and dreaded our job, like those with the spring fever. The first thing we did on arriving was to take a drink. Raising the bucket to our mouth, we take a look at what we have gathered in an uncovered bucket on our way: Two little bugs, an ant, a little green katydid and a little trash. Blowing this back, and after taking a sup or two, we make a wry face and hand it to the next one, saying, "that's in a milk bucket."

Each of us gives it a trial, then we begin picking berries. Directly a brier grabs us by the bonnet, then there is a tug of war. We gain the victory. We pick and pick, filling and emptying our buckets. Finally, getting lonesome, we stop to listen for some of the others who may be there. What do we hear? The twitter of a tomtit, calling to its mate with a nest of pretty eggs nearby. The rasping notes of a big, ugly locust—I have read of nature lovers seeing beauty in everything, but I fail to see the beauty in a locust. Then we hear the crunch, crunch of the briers being crushed under foot, and—up jumps a molly cottontail and away she goes!

We continue with our picking. Clang goes one bucket against another. Pick, pick, pick. "I have all there is in this patch worth picking," one says, so away we go to another place, with a brier holding to our dress tail.

About noon, or about as near to noon as girls would be apt to guess, we all get together and go to a shady place to eat our dinner. After eating, we are so tired we use our bonnets for pillows, and, lying down on mother earth, we get a little rest in spite of the ants that continually worry us by running over us. After our rest, we rise up very stiffly, and, with a few sighs, begin to pick off chiggers. Anyone who knows chiggers, knows they are somewhat bothersome in berry patches.

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," so we must have some fun.

The berry patch was in a woods, where, a few years ago, there was a large number of huge poplar trees. One of these big fellows had fallen and here we had our sport. Mary and Ida tried to climb up on the large trunk of the tree to lie down and rest. They were rather lazy and tired, so it was a hard job for them to get up, and I made it worse by grabbing and pulling them back before they could reach the top. After tiring of this, I thought I would let them alone and rest awhile myself on the log, but they turned on me before I could reach the top, so you may know I had a time of it.

Taking to our feet again, we began picking. Pick, pick, pick—rather tired from our long stay. Pick, pick, how our minds do wander. An ideal place to build air castles. Pick, pick, pick—there goes a big green bug we nearly took hold of while it was making a dinner of a fine cluster of berries.

Then from one of us: "Oh, there is a brier in my shoe"!

Hobble, pick, hobble, hobble, too lazy to take our shoe off and get the brier out, so hobble and pick, until down we sit at last and hunt up that brier, feeling much better as we go to another patch.

Our buckets at last full, we sit down, pick off some more chiggers and then start for home. We are very tired, and, oh, now thirsty! The water in the milk bucket did not do much good. We go home just as hard as we can "slash," that words suits pretty well. We spill a few berries on the way, and when we reach home we are glad to be at such a restful place after our day's work.

I guess our berry-picking days together are over, but we pick them now for three different families, as we are still all on farms. Sometime I may come again and tell you what fine luck I have had with my flowers, and also tell Elizabeth why I spell my name as I do, but I shall not tell you now, as I may have already worn out your patience, also, I have been to the berry patch and am tired.—Yours in friendship, Kitye Kern, Heltonville, Indiana.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "I ain't got a word to say that's worth hearing. A still tongue tells no lies."

It is far more comfortable to have the habit of being pleasant, than it is to be a grouch. Being a grouch is as bad as having a serious illness.

If you can be satisfied when you have just enough, you are far happier than when you have too much.

You will go your way far more serenely through the world, if you have more faith than suspicion.

Every fellow has a right to his own opinion. You know you are very sure you have a right to yours.

To be set in one's opinion, is to become mossgrown, like the stone that never rolls. The rolling stone may gather no moss, but it becomes highly polished.

When you do not know what to do with yourself, get out and do something for some one else. That always does somebody good, yourself included.

The easiest thing in the world to do is to give advice, but can you take your own medicine?

Most of the time we wish to be advised to do what we want to do. If otherwise instructed, we are inclined to think the other fellow does not know what he is talking about.

If you want to be mean, exasperating and discouraging, just say "I told you so," when some one has tried and failed in an undertaking. Be a bracer, not a knocker.

The most hopeless cases I know of are those who always persist in looking on the dark side and in expecting the worst that may come. They are the kind to dodge, if they will not cheer up.

If you will not get angry, none can get angry at you. Like breeds like in more ways than one.

Cupidity is one of the elemental forces that destroys. The grabber always gets grabbed.

Be a bracer, not a knocker.

"The foolish fears of what may happen—
I cast them all away.
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God."

—Pine Tree, Maine.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

HOMESTEADING IN LOGAN COUNTY, COLORADO.

The picture of this "soddie" was sent by Mrs. R. W. Sprague, of Padronia, Colorado. Among other things she writes, "Our Elizabeth is on the burro."

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A MICHIGAN GIRL

Dear M. G. R.'s.—Will you admit another stranger into your happy circle? I, like the rest, enjoy reading the letters very much.

I live in the good old state of Michigan. Here we raise beans, sugar beets, hay and all kinds of grain, potatoes and fruits. We have mines of iron, coal and copper in the north and central part of the state, while in the eastern part are salt wells.

I wonder how many read the story of Way Back Days in Michigan, the tenth chapter of The Blade book. I did and thought it was very interesting. The lady who wrote it and I must be near neighbors, for I live in Ingham county.

I belong to the Young People's Bible society. We expect to have a picnic at Pleasant Lake and I am sure we shall have a pleasant time. I wish Elizabeth and all the M. G. R.'s could attend. There would be quite a crowd of us, but the more the merrier! Best wishes.—Clover Blossom, Michigan.

FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you let a New Mexico boy in your happy band? I am not new, but I am just at the right age to enjoy a good paper. Do not think I am a Mexican because I live in Mexico. I am not any more a Mexican than the King of England is President Taft.

I cannot think of much to write, but will give a description of myself so the M. G. R.'s will know what I am. I am 19 years of age, five feet eight inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. I have blue eyes and brown hair. I still remain a Blade reader.—Percy Woods, Cedar Hill, New Mexico.

FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

Dear Elizabeth—The papers all tell us you people in Toledo and elsewhere in the east are suffering so terribly from the heat. Come out here in "God's Country," where it is cool. There is plenty of room. We can look to the west on Pike's Peak and see snow all the year round. The past two weeks we have had "delightfully cool weather," so one lady from the heat belt said. Just think of going to bed at night with a thick, heavy comfort over you and needing more before morning. That is how cool it is here at night. It gets considerably warmer than that in the day time, but it is always comfortable in the shade, no matter how hot it gets in the sun. Then we have only a half hour street car ride before we are in the mountains, where it is always cool.

I have seen several letters in The Blade from Colorado, but none from here. We think we have the prettiest town to be found anywhere, especially in Colorado. It lies close to the foot of Pike's Peak and is a summer resort. The population in the summer is just about double what it is in the winter. The permanent population is about 25,000.

I always read the letters and enjoy them, though I don't agree with everything in them.

This is the first time I have ever written any letter for any paper. If you care to publish this, you may use my name.—Mrs. J. W. Gilles, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Yes, we have been more than some warm this summer, but at the present time of writing, July 18, the weather is behaving itself very respectably. I know about your town and country, having been there several times. Pike's Peak looks pretty fine from the Antlers hotel, doesn't it?—Elizabeth.

A CURIOUS NEST

Did you ever see a little greenish, yellow bird that builds in a green leafed tree just the color of its own little self. Yes, some of you will know the kind I mean, but did you ever see its nest, constructed entirely of medicated cotton?

I have. I see it whenever I look up, past and across the fence, and I furnished the cotton.—Yours, Clover of Ohio.

Tired Feet.

For those who have tired, aching feet, is this helpful remedy: Five cents worth of salt petre, dissolved in a pint of soft water. Bathe the feet in this every night, or as often as convenient.—Eva. B. Haire, Williamston, Michigan.

POETS' CORNER

THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOL HOUSE

A poem telling of two old schoolmates who met at the old schoolhouse after many years.
By John H. Yates and Charles J. Hunt.

Hello, old schoolmate, why how do you do?
It's many years since I last saw you,
Thirty years you say? well, I don't doubt it,
Sit down, old schoolmate, and let us talk about it.

Many changes have been made since you and I have met,
And many dear old friends from earth have passed away,
A few have left the old town, but many live here yet,
And other boys and girls appear upon the stage of life to play.

They've forsaken this old schoolhouse where years ago we sat-
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat,
The hook is gone from where it hung, the master sleepeth now,
Where schoolboy tricks no more can cast a shadow o'er his brow.

They've built a new one, schoolmate, it's the pride of all the town,
And lads and lassies go it's broad steps up and down,
A tower crowns its summit with a new and monster bell,
That youthful ears in distant homes may hear its music well.

We're sitting in this old one, with its battered, hingeless door,
The windows are all broken, and the bricks lie on the floor,
You and I alone, of all the merry boys who studied here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

You remember the old bench, schoolmate, where we sat side by side,
And carved our names upon it, when not by master spied,
Since then, many boys have tried, their great skill to display,
But like the footprints on the sand, their names have passed away.

'Twas here we learned to conjugate, until we got it flat,
While glances from the lassies made our hearts go pitter-pat,
'Twas here we fell in love (you know), with girls that looked us through,
Yours, with her eyes of black; mine with her eyes of blue.

Our sweethearts, handsome girls were they, to us how very dear,
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them a tear,
With them, the earthly school is out, each lovely one now stands,
Before the one great Master, in the house not made with hands.

You tell me you live out west, a lawyer deep in laws,
With Joe who sat behind us here and tickled us with straws,
Look out for number one, my boy, may wealth come at your touch,
But with your long, strong, legal straws, don't tickle folks too much.

There to our left sat Jimmy Jones, you must remember Jim?
He's teaching now and punishing, as master punished him,
What an unlucky boy he was, his sky was dark with woes,
Whoever did the sinning, it was Jim who got the blows.

Ah! those days have all gone by, schoolmate, life's hills we're going down,
With hair that now is almost white, that once was black and brown,
But memory can never die, so we'll talk o'er the joys,
We shared together in this house when you and I were boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down, this old house lone and drear,
They'll not destroy the characters that started out from here,
Time's angry waves may sweep the shore, and wash out all beside,
Bright as the stars that shine above, they shall for time abide.

You remember, old schoolmate, the day we had the spat,
Because I said you couldn't stride and ride a mule,
Then you said you'd lick me, 'cause I just said that,
And I said, you just wait, till we get out of school.

Now, when the school was over, we just had it out;
But the next day were good friends again,
And soon forgot what it was all about,
And thought our fight was not quite all in vain.

You remember also, one day, when master called up Jim,
To take the daily ration that he'd laid out for him,
How Jim told us boys he'd stop the master's whim,
And so he sought to play a joke, a sorry joke on him.

So when the master took Jim's hand upon his bended knee,
And with his other hand, raised high the rule to strike where Jim's hand should be,
Jim slipped his hand from master's knee, as cute as cute could be,
When the blow descended, not on Jimmy's hand, but hard on master's knee.

Then the school was in an uproar, and master said to Jim,
Go take your seat, you wicked boy, and that was all he said to him,
But the scholars said, you all can take a recess now, excepting Jim,
And he and I will talk of things that will be good for him.

Now when the school was over on that day,
Jim stayed with master and went home with him,
For master's knee was painful, much to his dismay,
So he resolved no more he'd punish, no, not even Jim.

Ah! those days, old schoolmate, we never can forget,
Nor the joys, nor the sorrows that we bravely met,
For while we live, and memory holds its sway,
We'll not forget those schoolboy days, now passed away.

I've seen the new house, schoolmate, it's the handsomest one in town,
And laughing girls and boys go its broad steps up and down,
A tower crowns its summit, with a new and monster bell,
That youthful ears in distant homes may hear its music swell.

But you and I, my dear old friend, can't love it half so well,
As this old, forsaken schoolhouse, with its cracked and tongueless bell,
And now as we view these scenes of former years,
And dwell with thoughts that raise up smiles and tears,

We know, that above the bright blue, the beautiful blue,
Friends are there waiting for me and for you,
Heaven is there, not far from that sight,
Beautiful city so bright, so bright, so bright.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW

Author Unknown.

One sultry day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing in a field of corn,
And anxiously had waited long
To hear the welcome dinner horn;
The welcome call was heard at last,
And down he quickly dropp'd his hoe;
The farmer shouted in his ear,
"Hoe out your row? hoe out your row!

Altho' a hard one was the row,
And farmers paid but meagre hire,
The lad had work'd from early morn,
And beginning well to tire—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his fallen hoe;
The good man pleas'd, now smiled to see
The farmer's boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remember'd long,
And often proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will always nobly tell.
Take courage, then, resolve you can,
And strike an earnest, vig'rous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

A CENTIPEDE.

Author Unknown.

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.

POEMS REQUESTED

A poem is wanted, of which the following is the beginning of one verse: I daily go to school, to learn of Master Jesus, the perfect holy rule.

A poem is very much wanted of which the following lines are a part of the last verse: I think of one little grave I know, where green grow the rushes, O. Each verse of the poem ends with "green grow the rushes, O."

Wanted: The Railroad of Life. It begins; I'm a thinking, John, of that dear time, when you and I were boys.

Whistling in Heaven, and My Grandfather's Cane, are two poems recently requested.

The verses called Hasty Pudding will be published in this corner if we can get them. Here is a part of the poem: Hasty pudding, hurrah, that's nice! exclaimed the boys and girls in a trice.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

THE AMUSING WORD

Mrs. Elizabeth—Will you let me tell you of the most amusing word I've ever heard? Swat! It will raise the giggles in my throat in spite of myself, and I've seen the word so often, of late.

There is hardly a newspaper nowadays but what says "swat the—something.' First it was "Swat the fly.' Next, "Swat the mosquito," then "Shall we swat the cat?" And now it is "How to swat the weeds.'

I never see the word but my "tickle-box" (as the children say) is turned over and I find myself breathless with mirth.

My John (which is not his name, however) says that the reason "swat" amuses me so, is because it so nearly expresses what I want to do to the fly. Perhaps he is right, at any rate, Mr. Fly and I are not very good friends—in fact, his room is far more welcome than his company. The fly has been the one bug-bear of my life.

I believe that all who study the life and habits of the fly, will see him as he is; a thing so filthy and menacing to human health, as to make one shudder. Here! I did not mean to preach a "fly sermon" though it is my "hobby."

Let us look at the beauties of life. There are many beautiful things in this world of ours and not the least of these, is

A word and a smile,
To bear for a while
The heavy gloom from the heart;
For we know that man
Will smile if he can,
And can if we do our part.

Love and prosperity to the Peace Page.—Laura E. Faulkner, Tennyson, Texas.

A DISCIPLE OF CHEER

This is a great old world and a mighty good place in which to live.

I am a farmer's wife and a very busy woman. I am 35 years old and have the very best "John" in the world. The best of it is, his name is really "John." We have four big hearty boys and my husband says we are doing our best to make this township Republican. Our oldest boy is 12 and our youngest is "four going on five" as he would express it.

We are Sunday School people and wear the little red and white button of the adult Bible class worker. As we have to drive three miles to church and Sunday school, we have to hustle on Sunday morning. That we usually make it, is shown by the fact that "they say," up at the little, old church, "John Grafton and his folks will be here, anyway."

By the way, this same church stands but a mile from the site of the old Lincoln home. From where I am writing, I can look away north and see the cherry trees that stand in what was once Thomas Lincoln's back yard.

Some three miles to the northwest, lie the remains of Thomas Lincoln and his wife, the step-mother of our martyred President. Over the former's grave, rises the shaft erected by Abraham Lincoln after he was elected President. A movement is now on foot to place a monument to his step-mother's grave. This is to be done by popular subscription and I hope it will be accomplished shortly.

I have 240 little chickens, some of them almost big enough to fry. Come over and we will have fried chicken and new goosberry pie. I take care of the milk from two cows, do all the work for my own family of six and a hired hand, tend a big garden, and still weigh 165 pounds, so you see I must be a disciple of cheer, as I do not know what it is to worry.

Our home is in the corn belt of Illinois. We raise broom corn. If any of the Blade sisters are looking for a warm job, just come and cook for 25 "hands" during the hottest days of September. Come and take my place while I can peaches, for it looks like we would have a fine crop.

Some time I will tell you of my convictions and desires; how I used to think I would write a book, and how I am sometimes called Betsy Bobbitt from my habit of running to verse, but it's late now, and those chickens want their supper and the boys are home from school and above all I hear the voice of Peg, the pet pig, crying for her milk, so here's hoping.—Bertha M. Grafton, Toledo, Illinois, Route 1.

OUR COOK BOOK

BY BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS

Almost any kind of soup I like, but vegetable soup is the best of all, to my mind, and this recipe reads as if it would be a very good mix, when properly cooked and seasoned. Careless cooking is something every well-regulated family should be without.—Elizabeth.

Vegetable Soup.

After boiling a soup bone or a piece of beef until it is done, add to the broth sufficient boiling water to make the amount of soup wanted. When it boils again, add a large handful of cabbage, cut fine as for slaw; a half pint of tomatoes, canned or fresh; peel and slice in three large onions, two or three potatoes, a half teacup of dried corn, or a half pint of green. If dried corn is used, it should be soaked first. Let this boil from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Hot Slaw.

A half-pint of vinegar, a half-pint of water. Put this in a granite pan. While it is getting hot take another pan and put in it a cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoon of flour, one-half cup of sour milk—cream is better. Beat this together and add to the vinegar and water. Cook until thick. Have a large head of cabbage chopped fine, salt, and pour cabbage in the vinegar. Beat this well together, place in a dish and serve either hot or cold.—Freda Marie, Illinois.

Corn Bread.

One-half cup of sugar, the same of shortening, one pint of sour milk, one pint of cornmeal, one of wheat flour, two eggs, and one teaspoonful soda. Bake a half hour in greased pan. Of course, if it is not done then, bake longer. Try this some time when you are short of bread.—Laura, Pennsylvania.

A Good, Cheap Cake.

Two cups of sugar, two of buttermilk, four cups of flour, two cups of currants, two of raisins, two level teaspoons of ginger, two level teaspoons of cloves, two of cinnamon, two of cake soda, dissolved in the buttermilk, one tablespoonful of lard. Bake two hours in a moderate oven. This is a large cake and will keep nicely for some time. If any of the ladies try this cake and like it, please drop me a postal.—Mrs. D. C. Sheppard, Maple Shade Farm, Cedarville, New Jersey. R. F. D. No. 1.

Strawberry Icing.

One cup of strawberries, one cup granulated sugar, the white of one egg. Mash the strawberries very fine, add the sugar and white of egg. Stir well until thoroughly mixed, then beat with an egg, whip until thick enough to spread on the cake. This can be made of raspberries, although it is hardly as good as with strawberries.

Hoping all the sisters of the Cozy Corner will like this recipe, I remain, Mrs. Maude Shaffer, Harrisville, New York.

Vinegar Pie.

The yolks of three eggs, leaving out the whites for frosting. One cup of cold water, one and a half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with the sugar, one tablespoonful of lemon essence. Boil this. Bake the crust first, then put in the filling. Add the beaten whites of the three eggs, put in the oven and brown. This is enough for two pies and it is very good.—Ione Bell, Wisconsin.

If you paste these receipes in a scrap book, you will have the finest cook book in the land. Don't forget to remember to paste. Wholesome cooking, a clean table, and meals served promptly on time, are peace promoters in a family. They help to keep the men folks calm. You can take this from Elizabeth or from Mary Cassidy. She's quite a cook.

"ALL THE GO"

THERE is something about things to eat in this letter, but before we get to the eating part, here is a bit of the letter:

I am a farmer, and live on the banks of the beautiful river Powels, in East Tennessee. I live in a large log house, that has been built 85 years. We have a fine, cold spring near the house. We keep milk in the spring and never eat anything for supper, except corn bread and cold milk.

Dried sweet potatoes are all the go, now, in Tennessee. Try some this fall. Take large, sweet potatoes, peel them, and slice them up like fruit. Place them on a scaffold where the sun can dry them. They may be sacked like dried fruit. Cook any time of the year.—A. R. Wilson, La Follette, Tennessee.

POEMS REQUESTED

The Song Under the Beautiful Stars is wanted, and the poem about Hagar, Ishmael, Sarah and Abraham.

The poem, Ships That Pass in the Night, founded on Beatrice Harradan's novel by the same name, is asked for.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER VI.

More Mystery.

The Nifties returned just as the daylight was fading, after having a glorious tramp of miles through the country. They came back laden with spoils. At a farm house where they stopped for lunch, they bought eggs, a pail of milk, and a huge apple pie from a "batch" which the farmer's wife had finished baking at the moment of their arrival.

The pie was somewhat broken in carrying, but its toothsomeness remained unimpaired.

"That's a dandy pie," Brookie said, eyeing it hungrily. "Will we have it for supper?"

"We're not going to keep it to look at," Freckles returned. "If I felt like cooking, we'd have the chicken, but I guess it'll have to wait until tomorrow."

"Maybe it'll spoil, then what will you do?" asked Jack.

"Bury it," said Freckles. "You can come to the funeral. Hello! What's this?" he said in the next breath.

They had filled and lighted the lantern, having brought a can of oil for this purpose, and it illuminated the barn's dusty interior. Though they called the building a barn, it was not provided with stalls for horses, and was only a fair-sized room, without partitions or upper story. The farming implements it contained were placed in one corner, so a clear space was left for the boys to use. They had left it in a helter-skelter condition, and they returned to find it in order.

The boxes in which they had brought their supplies were arranged against the wall like a cupboard, and their stores were placed as in a well-kept pantry. Their blankets were neatly folded and piled together, and the chicken had been made ready for cooking.

The Nifties looked at one another in astonishment. Who could have done it, and how did anyone get into the barn. They examined the broken window for an explanation, but it told nothing. The mystery of it gave them a shivery feeling. They imagined they were being watched by unseen eyes, and they did not exactly enjoy the sensation.

"Well, anyway, they didn't hand us a lemon," said Jack, who was the first to break the silence. "Let's look around; maybe we'll find it, or him, or her."

There was no hiding place in which anyone could be concealed, but in their search they came upon a slip of wrapping paper, upon which was written, "It don't do any good to lock up. I got a key. I didn't take anything, only something to eat. It's paid for. I picked the chicken and cleaned up. You'd orter keep more order. I hope you'll be away every time I get hungry. Why don't you put up a tent?"

"Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Freckles, after he had finished reading the note aloud. "Whoever wrote this was the one that ran out of here last night. We've gota find him."

"He's a good chambermaid," Jack giggled. "If we could see him, we'd ask him to call again and get busy."

"It isn't any joking matter," said Brookie. "We won't dast to leave the camp alone. Some of us'll always have to stay and watch it."

"What do we care if he does take a meal? He wouldn't unless he was hungry, and we can always get more." This was the Kid's opinion.

"Hey there!" Jack shouted so suddenly, they all jumped and looked toward the open door, half expecting to see something alarming. The doorway framed only outer darkness, and Jack doubled up with laughter at the success of his joke.

"Oh, you're a bunch of easies," he chuckled; "let's eat the pie before the Indian gets it."

Freckles fell upon Jack and cuffed him soundly, a thing which he could do without trouble, as he was the heavier and stronger. No bones were broken in the encounter, and no disaster resulted, except that the Kid and Brookie ate up the pie while Jack and Freckles were wrestling.

Jack was good-natured about it, but Freckles was inclined to be angry, until he decided to take the whole thing as a joke, and fed his appetite with bread spread with butter and sugar.

They were not ready to go to bed, so they concluded to build a bonfire and roast potatoes in the hot ashes. By the light of the lantern, they brought driftwood from the shore of the river, and brush from the woods, keeping a sharp lookout for the mysterious intruder. Fritz trotted back and fourth at their heels, but he displayed no sign of scenting any lurking danger.

"If there was anyone around, Fritz would smell 'em," Freckles said, with an air of certainty, "but some of us fellows better keep watch tonight; it'll be safer."

The bonfire was a great success, and while it lasted, it made their surroundings as bright as day. The potatoes were roasted, and though they were scorched on the outside and a little raw in the center, when they were split open and salted and buttered, the Nifties thought, and so said, they had never tasted anything better.

When the flames of the fire had died down, they sat around the glowing embers, unconscious that from a safe distance, back in the woods, a pair of eyes was watching them intently. Presently the owner of the eyes, feeling secure in the darkness, commenced slipping from one tree to another, so that he might get within hearing distance of the Nifties' voices. Stepping cautiously, a twig snapped with a crackle, loud in the country stillness. Fritz sat up very quickly, gave a sharp bark and started in the direction whence the sound had come. He had gone but a short way, when he suddenly stood still in his tracks, barking furiously.

"There's something doing!" exclaimed Freckles, jumping to his feet, ready for action. The other boys were on their feet almost as quickly, and obeying a common impulse, they all crowded together.

They whirled at the sound of a gruff voice behind them, just without the circle of light cast by the fire.

"You ain't seen a stray boy around here, have you?" the voice questioned.

"No, we're all there is," Jack spoke up promptly. "Four in number. You've got the right to count us."

"I ain't foolin' with youse fellers. I'm lookin' for a boy that's run away from a good home, and when I get him—" the fierce tone in his voice portended more than any threat it could have uttered.

"Come into the light, so we can see you," Jack commanded. "Don't skulk around like an Indian."

A rough, burly-looking man strode into sight, and stared at the boys suspiciously.

"What's this evening picnic?" he sneered. "I s'pose you think you're great fellers. Have you, or have you not, seen a stray boy around here? He's puny an' not much account, somethin' like that one you've got there."

He pointed at the Kid, who doubled up his fists at the insult and scowled angrily.

"You shut up," shouted Freckles. "If you can't be decent, you can get out; this is my father's land."

"Is that so," the man drawled, tauntingly, "It'll take more'n your say so to make me go, before I get ready. Have you seen that boy?"

"No!" shouted the Nifties in chorus.

"If we had we wouldn't tell you," the Kid muttered.

The man lingered for a moment longer, his little, shifting, mean eyes sending darting glances in every direction.

"I believe he's around here," he growled, "an' when I gets him, I'll lam his hide off, an' yours, too, if you set fire to the woods. You want to put that fire out before you leave it, or you'll see trouble."

He slouched off, his heavy feet thudding on the ground as he walked.

"Isn't he real pleasant?" said Jack in a mincing voice. "I hope he'll come often. I'd like to live in his happy home—not."

After the man had gone, the owner of the eyes that had been watching the boys in the firelight, stole farther and farther away, into the black shadows.

To Be Continued Next Week.

Noted American Trees

One of our friends has been kind enough to send us this regarding noted American trees. As he gives them they are: The large elm near Philadelphia, under which William Penn made a treaty with the Indians. It was carefully preserved until 1810, when it was blown down. A handsome monument now marks the spot.

The famous Charter-Oak of Hartford, Connecticut, in which Captain Wadsworth hid the charter during the old Colonial days.

The big trees of California.

The old Liberty Elm at Boston.

The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, New York.

The immense ash trees, planted by General Washington at Mt. Vernon, and now the admiration of visitors.

The weeping willow over the grave of Cotton Mather in Cop's burying ground, near Bunker Hill, grown from a cutting taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Cary tree, planted by the roadside in 1832, by Alice and Phoebe Cary. This is a large sycamore, standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, in Hamilton county, Ohio.

The large Washington elm still stands at Cambridge, Massachusetts, a short distance from Harvard university. It is a well-preserved tree. An iron fence is built around it, and on a stone in front is this inscription: "Under this tree George Washington took command of the American army, July 3, 1775."—J. Mattison Johnson, Heiskell, Tennessee.

VE YOU HAY FEVER OR ASTHMA?

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HERWOOD VS. M'ELROY

ys Editor Blocks Pension Legislation.

Washington, July 31.—General Sher- od, of Toledo, speaking upon pen- n legislation Saturday on the floor house, urged a non-partisan de- upon the question, attacked Edi- McElroy, of the National Tribune, accused congress, the G. A. R. ders and McElroy of holding up sion legislation of all kinds rath- than let a Democrat have the hon- of fathering any part of it.

e said: "A majority of the com- tee believe that any pension bill the Sulloway bill or the Ander- bill, which provides a pension of per month for a soldier who served 90 days and is 75 years old, and ws a three-year veteran, who ed all through the war, to draw only per month, because he went to war n a mere boy, is neither charity, ice, nor patriotism."

peaking of petitions from old sol- rs, presented by him to congress, he d:

These petitions have disappeared. y cannot be found. Is it possible t the timid statesmen of the com- tee who refused me a vote on my lar-a-day pension bill because they ught it would bankrupt the treas- y are the same statesmen who are clamoring for an impossible pen- n bill that is conceded will take r $250,000,000 more out of the treas- than my dollar-a-day bill for vet- ns."

eferring to Mr. McElroy, he said: he best informed soldiers in and t of the Grand Army do not believe editor of the National Tribune nts any satisfactory legislation. He nts agitation, but not action. The lar-a-day bill, if enacted, will prac- lly settle all pension legislation for e years or more. This the editor of e National Tribune does not want. e circulation of his newspaper de- nds upon having pension legislation nding. He desires to further ex- it himself as a parasite on the cred- us old soldiers. The value of his wspaper plant depends upon his culation. With the pension ques- n settled he could not command a contribution from either any state national Republican executive com- tee for the influence of his paper fool the old soldiers into voting ng with promises of liberal pen- n legislation."

his attack on McElroy Mr. Sher- od condemns former Senator Dick, chairman of the Ohio Republican mittee, as the man who converted lroy's paper into "a campaign r" against John M. Pattison, a sol- with a war record. Pattison ran inst Myron T. Herrick for gover- of Ohio.

epresentative Anderson, of Fos- n, also came in for an attack by general. He was charged with lty to old soldiers and with being plot with Republicans.

nderson was born 12 years after fall of Fort Sumter, Sherwood re- ded his hearers. His attack on An- son was based on the latter's sup- t of the Sulloway pension bill.

"WHAT IS BEER?" IS UP TODAY

Wiley's Inquiry Into Makeup of Beverage to Settle Query.

Washington, July 31.—The interesting holic question of "What is beer?" up for the last time. Dr. Harvey W. ley and his associates on the board food and drug inspection will meet brewers of the country today and pel them to answer it. The answer then be put on record, and there be no more argument for wives, hters and sweethearts, on the one d, and occasional tipplers on the er.

e propose, among other things, to w how much alcohol is used in the made in this country," said Dr. ley. "The less the better."

sses Like These Are A Crime

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HOMESTEADERS TO RUSH TO DAKOTAS

More Than 800,000 Acres to Be Opened by Government Shortly.

St. Paul, Minn., July 31.—Extensive preparations are made by some big western railroad systems for handling the throngs of land seekers expected to be attracted northwest in the next two or three months by the opening of lands to settlement under the government homestead laws.

Two of these openings, including opportunities for homestead entry on over three-quarters of a million acres of land in North and South Dakota, are scheduled for the immediate future.

The first of these is that in which the Great Northern is especially interested, the opening for settlement of the Fort Berthold Indian reservation in North Dakota in according with a proclamation just issued by President Taft. The registration will begin Aug. 14 at Minot, N. D.

In this case the land subject to homestead entry will approximate 342,000 acres and has been appraised at prices ranging from $1.50 to $6 an acre. The land in the reservation comprises some of the choicest in North Dakato, in the northwestern part of McLean county, just south of the Great Northern transcontinental line. In addition to the usual homestead filing fees the homesteader will have to pay the appraised value of the tract which he picks out, from $1.50 to $6 per acre.

Shortly afterward 466,562 acres of government farm lands are to be opened to settlement in the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian reservations, South Dakota. There are approximately 3,000 farms of 160 acres each. The Chicago & Northwestern railway is especially interested, as it has a direct line to the points of registration, Gregory, Dallas and Rapid City, and it is, therefore, making low rates for the occasion. The registration must be made between Oct. 2 and Oct. 21.

These lands have been classified and appraised by the government and a price of from 25 cents to $6 an acre has been established, payment whereof is divided into annual installments covering a period of five years.

Any person desiring to make homestead entry on any of these lands must go in person to one of the registration points named by the government, there appearing between Oct. 2 and 21 to swear to and present application for registration.

Judge J. W. Witten, who has presided over government land openings for many years, will act as superintendent of the drawing. All applicants for registration must reach the registration points not later than midnight of Oct. 21 and the drawing wil ltake place at Gregory on Oct. 24.

All envelopes containing applications will be thoroughly mixed and envelopes will be selected therefrom indiscriminately one at a time, the applications to be numbered as selected. The first application drawn will be No. 1 and will be given the choice tract among all lands subject to entry. By this method every person who registers will have an equal chance to secure a selection of the lands.

Those who are fortunate in the land drawing will find a much more equitable system of land selection in force than prevailed in the previous openings. Many hardships have been caused in the past through mistakes of locaters, but the new arrangement gives complete protection to the entryman.

All the lands to be opened have been carefully classified and appraised by a competent crew and each person, at the time of filing, may select any class of land desired and pay only the appraised price on that classification.

TRADE TREATY IN CANADA ELECTION

Reciprocity Issue in Big Fight About to Open in Dominion.

Ottawa, Ont., July 31.—The Canadian election campaign with ratification of the reciprocity agreement with the United States as the paramount issue, will be opened this week in many parts of the country by members of parliament who have reached their constituencies.

The two party leaders, however, will not start on their speaking tours for a week at least. Prime Minister Laurier and his ministers will have to meet in cabinet council for some days, clearing up business. Daily conferences between the leaders and their provincial campaign managers are scheduled. Robert Rogers, who will conduct the fight against reciprocity in Manitoba arrived today for a conference with Mr. Borden.

On further explanation of the government's position in dissolving parliament, one of the Dominion ministers today said:

"While the government regrets that it was not able to carry out its bargain with the United States without recourse to an election it is better for all parties that things have taken the turn which they have. If reciprocity had been forced through the house at this time it would have been put in jeopardy within a year. As by law a general election would have to come after another session, by bringing the election on now we expect to be able to make reciprocity the sole issue. If the election were deferred for a year and reciprocity put through the chances are that reciprocity then would be only one of the issues.

"The Liberal government might be turned out on some other question, and the incoming Conservative government undoubtedly would put through an act repealing reciprocity. If the government is sustained in September, it means that the people want reciprocity, that it will be ratified, and that its opponents will not get another chance at it for at least four years.

"It will then be so firmly established and so large a trade with the United States built up that no government would dare repeal it. If the bill were put through and the pact put into force a year hence, when a general election would have to be held, the people would not have had time to realize its benefits, but would have lost the zest of expectation. Canada, east and west, is being blessed with an abundant harvest this year. The people want access to the American market, and we believe that they will vote for reciprocity and the return of the government on that account."

AFTER ALL TRUSTS

Department of Justice Plans to Prosecute Every Illegal Combination.

Washington, July 28.—The department of justice is planning immediate prosecution of all trusts or monopolies which do not dissolve or take other steps to obey the Sherman law as it has been interpreted in the Standard Oil, tobacco and powder trust cases. Attorney General Wickersham is authority for the statement that all such will be brought before the courts as soon as proceedings can be instituted.

1,000 Complaints.

To make the Sherman law effective, the department's anti-trust bureau is now working to its capacity. Probably 1,000 complaints of existing monopolies, restraints or illegal agreements to control the price of commodities, ranging from feather dusters to telephones, are being investigated. Secret agents of the bureau have been scattered all over the country, and in many instances an investigation of an alleged trust is going on in a dozen states at the same time.

By this practice the government expects to shorten the period of investigation and get prompt action. One of the promised results of this policy is that the government will have in the courts before the end of the calendar year probably a dozen anti-trust suits in which the department feels assured of success.

Two Kinds.

In a broad sense, the government's anti-trust actions may be divided into two classes—those to which the Sherman law, as interpreted by the supreme court, directly applies, and those where the additional question of control of property by ownership of patents is involved. The case now pending against the electrical trust and the proceedings against the United Shoe Machinery Co. present questions regarding patents.

All the anti-trust cases on hand, however, which have not proceeded to the point of action are being systematically investigated and either are dismissed when no violation of the law is discovered or are turned over to the law department for prosecution.

SAYS TRUST GOT T., C. & I. FOR SONG

L. C. Hanna Tells Probers Tennessee Plant Didn't Cost Price of Postage.

New York, July 28.—That the financing of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. syndicate in 1905 did not cost as much as "a postage stamp" was the declaration made today by L. C. Hanna, of Cleveland, before the Stanley Steel trust investigation committee today.

Mr. Hanna, who was manager of that syndicate before the company was absorbed by the United States Steel corporation in 1907, also testified that the main purpose of the men who took over the Tennessee company in competition with the steel corporation was to develop the great mineral resources rather than the mechanical equipment of the property.

"In the organization of that syndicate," Mr. Stanley asked, "did you employ Mr. Morgan or any other financial syndicate to float your bonds?"

Didn't Cost Postage Stamps.

"The financing of the Tennessee company did not cost the price of a postage," Mr. Hanna said. "There were no bankers employed."

"Did you ever get an order for steel rails from Mr. Harriman?" asked the chairman.

"Yes," Mr. Hanna replied. "Mr. Harriman gave us an order for 157,500 tons of steel rails."

"How long was it after Harriman gave you this order," asked Mr. Stanley, "till you learned that your company was in trouble in Wall street?"

"I don't remember exactly, but think it was several months."

Mr. Hanna related the story of the conference held in J. Pierpont Morgan's library, where the merger was effected after Judge Gary and Henry C. Frick returned from their hurried trip to Washington to get the approval of President Roosevelt to the transaction. He said he did not know Mr. Gary had gone to Washington, or why, and that he asked no questions about that visit. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hanna said, was not present when the deal was closed.

In response to questions by Representative Gardner, Mr. Hanna stated that since the United States Steel corporation took over the Tennessee Coal and Iron and its vast interests, there had been organization of no competing steel companies in the United States.

Mr. Gardiner also directed inquiry as to the holdings of ore by the steel corporation, as to whether such holdings constitute a monopoly. Mr. Hanna said he thought there were still in the Superior region many merchant ore mines, independent of the steel trust, and the firm of M. A. Hanna & Co., he thought had ore land for sale.

During the progress of the hearing Norman B. Ream, a director of the United States Steel corporation, arrived in the committee room. He will be a witness later.

1,000,000 PATENTS GRANTED

First to Vermont Man in 1790—Millionth to Clevelander.

Washington, July 31.—One hundred and twenty-one years ago today the United States granted its first patent. One week from tomorrow the Patent office expects to issue Patent No. 1,000,000. The one millionth patent will be granted to a Mr. Hilton, of Cleveland, O., and will cover a new rubber tire with special features designed primarily for use on motor cars.

To Samuel Hopkins, of Vermont, belongs the honor of having received the first patent. This was granted July 31, 1790, and was for a device for making pot and pearl ashes, which are the matter remaining after evaporation when vegetable matter is refined in a crucible, the extractive substance being burned off and dissipated.

SCALES ALL OVER HER BODY

"About three years ago, I was affected by white scales on my knees and elbows. I consulted a doctor who treated me for ringworm. I saw no change and consulted a specialist and he claimed I had psoriasis. I continued treatments under him for about six months until I saw scales breaking out all over my body save my face. My scalp was affected, and my hair began to fall. I then changed doctors to no avail. I went to two hospitals and each wanted to make a study of the case and seemed unable to cure it or assure me of a cure. I tried several patent medicines and was finally advised by a friend who has used Cuticura on her children since their birth, to purchase the Cuticura Remedies. I purchased a cake of Soap, the Ointment, and the Resolvent. After the first application, the itching was allayed. I am still using the Soap and now feel that none other is good enough for my skin. The psoriasis has disappeared and I everywhere feel better. My hands were so disfigured before using the Cuticura Remedies that I had to wear gloves all the time. Now my body and hands are looking fine." (Signed) Miss Sara Burnett, 2135 Fitzwater St., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 20, 1910.

No other treatment for the skin and scalp so pure, economical and speedily effective. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free 32-page Cuticura book.

COTTON IS KING OF U. S. EXPORTS

Volume Sent Abroad During Year Valued at $585,000,000.

The farmer and the manufacturer shared about equally in the remarkable growth in exports which characterized the fiscal year just ended. The total increase in exports was 304 million dollars when compared with the immediately preceding year, being a larger gain than ever before shown in a single year of our export trade. Of this gain of 304 million dollars, manufacturers as a whole supplied 140 million dollars; cotton about 135 millions; meat and dairy products about 19 millions; corn approximately 10 million; food animals 1½ millions; flour about 2½ million, while wheat shows a marked decline.

Cotton Leads All.

Cotton is king of the exports of products of agriculture, the value exported during the year being 585 million dollars, by far the largest total ever shown in the cotton export trade, against 450 millions in 1910 and 481 millions in 1907, the former high record year. Meat and dairy products show a total of approximately 150 million dollars, against 131 millions last year, but materially less than in certain earlier years in which the total ranged as high as 202 million dollars in 1907 and 211 millions in 1906. Food animals show a total of 13 million dollars, against a little less than 12 millions last year, but much below the figures of earlier years when the total figures of food animals exceeded 43 million dollars in the high record year 1906. Flour amounted to approximately 50 million dollars in value, against 47½ millions last year, but much less than in certain earlier years, the higher record in flour exports in 1893 showing a total of approximately 75½ million dollars.

One peculiar feature of the cotton export trade is found in the fact that although the value exceeded by more than 100 million dollars that of any earlier year the quantity exported was less than in several years. The quantity of cotton exported in the fiscal year 1911 was about 4,029 million pounds, against 4,448 million pounds in 1909 and 4,518 million pounds in 1907, yet the value in 1911 was 585 million dollars against 417½ millions in 1909 and 481 millions in 1907.

Manufactures Exports.

In manufactures the increase in the group "manufactures ready for consumption" is about 100 million dollars, and in the group "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" the increase is approximately 40 million dollars; these figures being subject to slight revision since the full returns for the closing month of the year have not yet reached the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, from whose returns the accompanying statements are compiled.

The increase in manufactures is apparent in a large number of articles. Agricultural implements as a whole show an increase of about 8 million dollars; mowers and reapers alone about 5 million dollars; plows and cultivators about 2½ millions; pig copper about 15 millions; lumber about 5 millions; iron and steel manufactures as a whole an increase of about 47 million dollars, while the details of iron and steel show for sheets and plates about 4 million dollars increase; structural iron and steel about 3 millions; metal working machinery about 5 millions; wire about 2 millions; electrical machinery about 2 millions; mining machinery nearly 2 millions; locomotives over a million; traction engines more than a million, while in other articles not classed under the general title of iron and steel manufactures, automobiles show a gain of about 3 million dollars; railway cars about 4 millions; electrical appliances about 2 millions, and naphthas about 3 millions.

IN GIANT LAKE MERGER

Canadian Shippers to Run 50 Steamers.

Duluth, Minn., July 31.—Plans for the consolidation of some of the largest shipping corporations on the Canadian side of the Great Lakes, which have been in progress for nearly a year, have been completed, it was announced here today.

Working arrangements have also been entered into between the merger and the Manchester Liners, limited, of which Lord Christopher Furness is chairman.

The Canadian companies concerned are among the largest of the navigation companies on the Great Lakes and include the Northern Navigation company, the Richelieu and Ontario, the International and Transportation company, the Niagara Transportation company, the Hamilton Steamboat and the ePople's Mutual of Toronto. These companies represent a capital of $20,000,000.

The merger will have a fleet of about 50 steamers plying on lakes Erie, Superior, Michigan, Ontario and Huron, with Montreal as the point of transshipment to ocean ships.

NEW WOOL BILL PASSES SENATE

La Follette Gets His Compromise Measure Through Easily Enough.

Washington, July 28. — A Compromise wool bill offered by Senator LaFollette, a modification of both his own and the house bill, was passed by the senate 48 to 32, through the union of Democrats and Republican insurgents. Upon this middle ground the Democrats, having secured a record vote on the original Underwood bill, joined with the Republican insurgent forces.

The measure adopted reduces the raw wool duty to 35 per cent ad valorem and correspondingly reduces the duties on woolen articles.

Underwood Bill Lost.

The passage of the bill came after a defeat of the Underwood house bill, 44 to 36, on almost a party vote, and after the original LaFollette substitute had been voted down, with only the Republican insurgents in its favor. Having secured a vote on the Underwood bill, as passed by the house, the Democrats then supported a motion made by Senator La Follette to reconsider the vote by which their bill was defeated.

As soon as the motion to reconsider had been carried, La Follette offered his compromise. He said it represented a reduction of the duties in his previous amendment.

Democrats Adopt It.

Democrats adopted it as the best that could be obtained. All insurgents but Borah, Idaho; Dixon, Montana, and Jones, Washington, voted for the compromise bill, while the Democrats were unanimous in their support of it.

The vote on the final passage of the compromise bill follows:

For the bill: Republicans—Bourne, Oregon; Bristow, Kansas; Brown, Nebraska; Clapp and Nelson, Minnesota; Crawford, South Dakota; Cummins and Kenyon, Iowa; Gronna and McCumber, North Dakota; La Follette, Wisconsin; Poindexter, Washington; Works, California.

For the bill: Democrats—Bacon, Georgia; Bailey, Texas; Bankhead and Johnston, Alabama; Bryan and Fletcher, Florida; Chamberlain, Oregon; Chilton and Watson, West Virginia; Clark and Davis, Kansas; Foster and Thornton, Louisiana; Gore and Owen, Oklahoma; Hitchcock, Nebraska; Kern and Shively, Indiana; Martin and Swanson, Virginia; Martine, New Jersey; Myers, Montana; Johnson, Maine; Newlands, Nevada; O'Gorman, New York; Overman and Simmons, North Carolina; Painter, Kentucky; Pomerene, Ohio; Reed and Stone, Missouri; Smith, Maryland; Smith, South Carolina; Taylor, Tennessee; Williams, Mississippi.

Against the Bill.

Against the bill: Republicans—Borah and Heyburn, Idaho; Bradley, Kentucky; Brandegee and McLean, Connecticut; Briggs, New Jersey; Burnham, New Hampshire; Burton, Ohio; Clarke and Warren, Wyoming; Crane and Lodge, Massachusetts; Cullom and Lorimer, Illinois; Curtis, Kansas; Dixon, Montana; Gamble, South Dakota; Guggenheim, Colorado; Jones, Washington; Lippitt and Wetmore, Rhode Island; Nixon, Nevada; Oliver and Penrose, Pennsylvania; Page, Vermont; Perkins, California; Richardson, Delaware; Root, New York; Smith and Townsend, Michigan; Smoot, Utah; Stephenson, Wisconsin.

Absent—Dupont, Delaware; Frye, Maine; Gallinger, New Hampshire; Lea, Tennessee; Percy, Mississippi; Sutherland, Utah; Tillman, South Carolina.

Present and not voting because paired with absentees—Culberson, Texas; Dillingham, Vermont; Raymer, Maryland.

TO TRY TO BEAT PRESIDENT'S VETO

Democrats and Others in Senate Anxious to Pass Wool Bill.

Washington, July 31.—The Democratic senators are discussing the desirability of holding a caucus Monday night to insure the general acceptance of the house farmers' free list bill.

The Democratic leaders have asked the Republican insurgents not to offer general schedules in the way of amendment to the bill, and most of them have consented with the idea that it is better policy not to encumber the free list measure with extraneous matter. It is claimed by the coalition that the bill will pass without difficulty.

It was written after considerable concessions had been made to both sides, and the members who supported it are not disposed to change it in any important features.

Would Take Big Vote.

In the event the President should veto the final conference wool bill the Democratic leaders will begin calculations as to whether the bill can be passed by the house over the President's veto. The Underwood bill passed the house on June 20 by a vote of 220 to 100.

But to pass over a veto two-thirds of the house membership of 391 must vote for the bill. This would be 231 or 41 more than went on the record for the original bill in the house. There is nothing so far to warrant counting upon the muster of any such added strength.

House Democrats expressed the view today that if the President is to veto a wool bill they would prefer to have him veto a Democratic rather than an insurgent Republican-Democratic compromise measure.

In no Hurry.

It is clear today that the house will not be in a hurry to ask for a conference. The senate wool bill, when it is taken up in the house next week, will be promptly rejected and sent back to the senate. It will remain for that body to ask for a conference committee. In the meantime the general temper of the Democrats of the house is being tested by the leaders. Many Democrats are urging conciliation and compromise with the idea of forcing President Taft to pass upon a wool tariff bill at once.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 1.—Sentiment in the domestic wheat market was governed largely early by lower cables and a generally more bearish tone to foreign news. For the first time in a week or two receipts in the local market sagged below the 100 car mark. Chicago, however, had another big run of more than 700 cars. In the northwest, stocks have been dwindling at a rate heavier than a year ago. Toledo opened about ½c lower at the following prices: Cash 88¾c, September 90⅛c, December 93⅝c and May 98c.

Disappointing conditions in the northwest and black rust talk changed the complexion of things in the afternoon. Minneapolis advanced sharply and local prices followed. Cash closed ⅝c up at 90c, December ⅞c up at 91½c, and May at 99½c.

Rains in the southwestern part of the country weakened corn. Initial prices were about ½c lower, September starting at 65¼c, December at 61⅝c and May 64½c.

Corn was buoyed up a little in sympathy, closing prices being: Cash 66c, September 65⅞c, December 62¾c, May 65⅛c.

Receipts of oats in the local market amounted to 58 cars. Quality was good. The market opened weak with corn and the more liberal movement. September started at 40⅝c, December at 46¾c and May at 46¾c. Initial prices were about ⅝c lower.

Closing oats prices: Cash 39¾c, September 41⅜c, December 44½c, May 47⅝c.

More liberal selling orders caused a break of about 5c to 10c in clover seed. Cash opened at $10.90 and the futures at $10.65.

The market grew firmer later. Cash closed at $11.10, October $10.85, December and March $10.82½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug. 1.	July 31
Cash	88⅝	88½	90	89¼	
Sept.	90¾	91½	90	91	90⅝
Dec.	93⅝	....	....	95	94⅛
May	98	....	....	92½	98⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	66	66
Sept.	65¼	....	65⅛	65⅞	65⅝
Dec.	61⅝	....	....	62¾	63⅝
May	64½	....	....	65⅛	64⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	39⅝	39⅝
Sept.	40⅝	....	....	41⅜	41
Dec.	43¾	....	....	44½	44¼
May	46¾	....	....	47⅝	47⅛
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.90	....	....	11.10	11.00
Oct.	10.65	....	....	10.85	10.75
Dec.	10.65	....	....	10.85	10.72½
March ..	0.65	....	....	10.82½	10.72½
No. 2 ..	10.65	....	....	10.60	10.50
No. 3	....	....	....	10.30	10.25
Rejected	....	....	....	10.00	9.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	80	70
No. 3	....	....	....	77	76
Timothy—					
Aug.	....	....	....	6.40	6.20
Sept.	....	....	....	6.15	6.00
Alsike—					
Prime ..	....	....	....	9.45	9.35
Aug.	....	....	....	9.45	9.35
Dec.	....	....	....	9.55	9.45
No. 2	....	....	....	9.10	....
No. 3	....	....	....	9.85	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	89⅝	91⅛	89¼	90⅞	89¾
Dec.	89¼	94	93	94⅝	93⅝
May	97⅝	99¼	97½	98⅝	97⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	63¼	64	63	63⅞	85⅝
Dec.	61	....	60⅝	61⅝	61⅜
May	63¼	....	63	64	63⅝
Oats—					
Sept.	40	41¼	39⅜	41	40⅝
Dec.	43	43⅝	42½	43½	43
May	45⅜	46½	45⅜	46⅝	46

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	94⅜	....	94½	96	95
Dec.	91⅜	....	....	92⅝	....

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	86¼	....	86⅜	87⅝	86⅞
Dec.	91⅛	....	....	92?	....

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.01⅝	99
Dec.	....	....	....	1.02⅝	....

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.03	1.00⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS

Pork—					
Sept.	17.12	....	17.05	17.35	17.12
Jan.	16.05	....	....	16.25	16.15
Lard—					
Sept.	8.52	8.62	....	8.62	8.57
Jan.	8.50	8.52	....	8.50	8.50
Oct.	8.65	8.67	....	8.67	....
Ribs—					
Sept.	8.75	....	....	8.85	8.75
Jan.	8.25	8.32	....	8.30	8.27
July	....	....	....	....	8.60

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 1.—(Wall Street.)—On a small volume of dealings the stock market showed a downward trend at the opening today. Canadian Pacific declined a point, Baltimore & Ohio ¾, Union Pacific ⅛, Reading, Great Northern preferred, United States Steel, Rock Island preferred and Chesapeake & Ohio smaller fractions. The only noteworthy contrary movement was a 3 point gain by Virginia-Carolina Chemical preferred.

Traders sold the market soon after the opening on adverse crop news and absence of expected buying orders. Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Reading, American Tobacco preferred and Mackay companies preferred yielded a point.

Business dwindled in the second hour of the market session, with no pronounced change in the tone, which continued heavy. The professional elements were apparently responsible for the decline in Canadian Pacific, which fell 2 points and the sympathy trend elsewhere in the list resulted as much from lack of buying power as anything else. Bonds were easy, the American Tobacco issues again under pressure.

The market was practically motionless in the noon hour, with prices ruling close to the low level of the morning.

New York Stocks.

New York, August 1.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line.....	130½	130½	129¾	129¾
Am. Loco. com.....	40	40	40	40
Am. Car & F. Co....	56¾	56¾	56¼	56¼
Atchison	112	112	110⅞	111⅝
Anaconda	38¼	38¼	38	38
Amal. Copper	71¼	07⅝	66⅞	66⅞
Am. Smelters	79¾	79¼	77¾	78
Am. Tel. & Tel.....	136½	136½	136¼	136½
Am. Tobacco pfd....	98	95	95	95
Am. Cotton Oil.....	56½	56⅝	56½	56⅝
Am. Beet Sugar.....	54½	54⅝	53⅝	53⅝
Balt. & Ohio.....	105⅝	105⅝	105⅜	105⅝
B'lyn R. Trans.....	81	81⅜	80⅝	81
Can. I. Pipe com...	15⅜	15⅜	15⅜	15⅜
Beth. Steel com....	28	38⅛	36⅜	36⅜
Chicago & G. W....	22	22	22	22
Canadian Pac.	244⅜	244⅜	243	243
Colorado Fuel.....	33	33	33	33
Consolidated Gas....	145¼	145¼	145¼	145¼
Can pfd.	87¾	87¾	87	87
Corn Product com...	14⅜	14⅜	14¼	14⅜
Distillers Sec.....	35¼	35¼	35	35
Erie com.....	36¼	36¼	35⅝	35⅝
Erie 1st pfd.....	56⅛	56⅛	56	56
Gt. Northern pfd....	134½	134½	133½	133⅞
Gt. Northern Ore	58	58	57	57
Ill. Central.....	143	143¼	143	143¼
Interborough com....	17½	17½	17⅜	17⅜
Interborough pfd....	50	50	49½	49½
K. C. Sou. com.....	34¼	34¼	34	34
Louis. & Nash.....	150½	150½	149¾	150
Laclede Gas.....	106½	106½	106½	106½
Merc. Marine pfd...	17	17	17	17
Missouri Pacific....	49	49	48¼	48¼
M. S. M.....	139½	140	139½	140
Nor. Pacific.....	131¾	131¾	130⅝	130½
Northwestern	147⅛	147⅛	147	147
N. Y. Central.....	108½	108⅜	108⅛	108⅛
N. & W. com.....	108	108	107¾	107¾
N. & W. Con. 4c....	107¼	107¼	107¼	107¼
Ont. & Western.....	43¾	43⅜	43¼	43¼
Penn. Ry.	125	124⅝	124⅜	124⅝
Pacific Mail	30½	30½	29¾	29⅝
People's Gas Co....	106½	106½	106½	106½
Reading com.....	159	169	157⅜	158
Rock Island	31⅞	31½	31	31⅛
Rock Island pfd ...	63½	63½	63	63
Rep. I. & S. Co....	29¾	29¼	29¾	29¾
Rep. pref.	94⅝	94⅞	94½	94½
So. Ry.	32	32	31⅜	31⅜
So. Ry. pfd.....	73	73	73	73
St. Paul	127¼	127¼	126⅜	126⅝
Southern Pacific....	122½	122½	121⅛	122¼
So. Pac. Con. 4s....	98⅞	98⅞	98⅞	98⅞
Texas Pacific	28¼	28¼	28	28
Tenn. Copper.....	40⅛	40⅛	40⅛	40⅛
Union Pacific	189½	189½	188⅛	188⅛
Union Pacific pfd ..	94½	94½	94½	94½
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	108¼	108¼	108	108
U. S. Steel	79⅞	79⅞	79	79⅛
U. S. Steel pfd	118	118⅛	118	118
U. S. Steel 5s.....	105⅝	105⅝	105⅜	105⅝
U. S. Rubber com..	40⅝	40⅝	40¼	40⅜
Utah Copper	49⅝	50⅛	49⅝	49⅝
Virginia Chem	58	58¼	58	58⅛
Wes't Md.....	61⅞	62	61⅞	62
Wabash com	15½	15½	15½	15½
Wabash pfd	33¾	33¾	33½	33½
Western Union	79	79⅝	79	79⅝
Westinghouse	73	73	73	73

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 1.—Hog receipts were fair and the market 5c higher than yesterday's average. Cattle sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.55; good mediums, $7.55@7.60; heavy yorkers, $7.55@7.60; light yorkers, $7.55@7.65; good pigs, $7.05@7.20; bulk of sales, $7.50; good mixed, $7.55; stags and roughs, $4.75@6.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; god to choice, $5.75@5.90; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 olbs., 5.50@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lb

MANIACS FIGHT WITH RESCUERS

Doctors and Nurses Battle to Save Life in Hamilton, Ontario, Institution for Insane.

Hamilton, Ont., August 1.—At least eight and perhaps 10 lives were lost in a fire which partly destroyed one of the main buildings of the insane asylum on the side of the mountain southwest of the city early today.

There were 800 patients in the building when the fire was discovered and it was only a well trained fire fighting corps and splendid coolness and bravery among the nurses and attendants under Dr. English that averted a more frightful loss of life.

There are four buildings in the group within the asylum grounds. The main building where the fire occurred is a four-story brick structure with basement, 200 feet in length and about 70 feet wide with wings at either end.

The women patients, numbering about 350, occupied quarters in the west wing. The remainder of the building was taken up with men's wards and contained some of the most desperate cases in the asylum.

The women were moved without serious difficulty to houses in the adjoining buildings. The situation among the men was more serious. The fire broke out on the fourth floor in what is known as section D, where the violent insane are kept. The most of the men, guarded by attendants, moved down three flights of stairs out of the fire zone in orderly procession, but about a score, driven into a frenzy by the stifling smoke and the excitement of a midnight fire, fought off their rescuers with desperate fury. Three of them, after being carried down to the second floor, broke away and fled back to the burning corridors.

Maniacs Handicap Rescuers.

The flames in the meantime had spread down the hallway and were eating their way through the floor to the third story. The asylum brigade, although fighting bravely, was handicapped by the maniacs and was losing control.

The city brigade which had been summoned was then toiling up the almost precipitious roadway leading to the asylum grounds. It was nearly 2 o'clock before the first of their apparatus was brought into play.

The firemen ran scaling ladders up to the third and fourth floor windows, where it was believed some of the unfortunates had fled. They found it difficult work to break down the iron gratings on the windows and the fire in the meantime was growing fiercer every minute. Crawling into the stifling smoke, the firemen groped their way about until they found a maniac. He was still able to offer resistance, and it was necessary to knock him senseless when he was dropped into the life nets below.

Others Saved Same Way.

Eight of the insane and one attendant who had lost consciousness in the work of rescue were saved in this way, and it was believed at 3 o'clock that every patient had been taken out of the burning section of the building.

Three were in the hallway on the top floor, and one helpless paralytic was burned to death in his cell. Four more corpses were found huddled together in a small room.

At dawn a systematic checking up of the inmates was begun and it was found that between 10 and 12 men were missing. It was thought probable that some of these had escaped during the excitement and are still at large in the surrounding fields.

Five bodies have been identified.

TO PENSION AGED MINISTERS

Presbyterian General Assembly Talks of Increase.

Spring Lake, N. J., August 1.—If plans discussed by the executive commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly at a meeting here today are carried out the aged and needy ministers of the Presbyterian denomination are likely to have their wants provided for in future out of a $10,000,000 fund to be raised for that purpose. At the present time Presbyterian ministers at the age of 70 and over, who have spent 30 years in the ministry, receive $350 a year from the Board of Ministerial Relief. Ministers' widows and disabled ministers receive smaller pensions, ranging from $300 down to $150. The income is scanty, and some veterans who have given their lives in the service of the church, and whose small salaries have given them no opportunity to save money, are left in a condition bordering upon dire want. The Board of Ministerial Relief believes it will be able to provide adequate pensions if its endowment is increased to $10,000,000.

PROHIBIT USE OF MADSTONE

Kansas Authorities Take Action in Case of Boy Bitten.

Topeka, Kan., July 29.—At the request of Dr. J. S. Crumbine, secretary of the state board of health, Attorney General Dawson has ordered the arrest of the owner of a madstone in Hutchinson if he attempts to use it in an effort to cure a boy bitten by a dog a few days ago. The county authorities are instructed to send the boy to the state university hospital at Rosedale, where Pasteur treatment will be administered.

SHE'S FIRST WOMAN IN THE U. S. TO GET AN AIR LICENSE

Hampstead, L. I., August 1.—Miss Harriett Quimby was awarded a pilot's license today by the Aero Club of America, the governing body of aeronautics in this country.

This is the first license that has ever been awarded a woman aviator in America. Miss Quimby flew in a Moisant biplane.

Miss Quimby and the aero officials, G. Campbell Wood and Baron D'Oroy, and a large number of aviation enthusiasts were on the field shortly before 5 o'clock this morning, but a dense fog that hung over Hempstead plains made flying impossible until a few minutes before 7 o'clock, when the sun dissipated the fog.

Conditions could not have been more perfect. Thoroughly composed, Miss Quimby rose gracefully in the air, completing five figure eights about 150 feet in the air and then landed not only within the 164 foot mark designated by the conditions, but also made a world's record for landing. Her mark was 7 feet 9 inches.

After a brief rest to cool off the motor, Miss Quimby again rose in the air and again completed all the remaining figure eights in air, turning first to right and left with all the skill of an experienced aviator and landing on her descent at the 124 foot mark.

Miss Quimby is a native of California.

Miss Matilda Moisant and probably Miss Blanche Scott will shortly apply for their pilot's licenses.

FREE LIST BILL PASSES SENATE

Second Step in Tariff Legislation Is Taken by Special Session.

Washington, August 1.—Combined in the same alliance that resulted in the passage of a compromise woolen tariff revision bill in the senate last week, the Democrats and Republican insurgents of that body today passed a compromise farmers' free list bill.

The original house bill first was defeated, and then reoffered in modified form by Senator Kern, of Indiana. As amended and finally adopted the bill differed but little from the original.

Begins Final Struggle.

The senate began its final struggle on the free list bill with the defeat of amendments offered by Senator Gronna of North Dakota to put cement, lime, coal and coke on the free list and to exempt boots and shoes from its provisions.

Senator Gronna secured a roll call on the amendment for free coal and coke, but was beaten 52 to 32. Party lines split on the free coal proposition.

The Kern Compromise.

The Kern compromise takes fresh meat products out of the free list bill, except such as come from countries that admit certain American farm products.

The senate earlier had defeated Senator Bailey's amendment taking all meats out of the free list. The Kern amendment represented the attempt to reconcile the Democratic interests with the insurgent Republicans who believed some further concessions should be obtained for agricultural products.

The adoption of the compromise measure came after a narrow failure of Democratic efforts to pass the bill in its original form. But for the fact that Senator Bailey, of Texas, refused to support the bill in the shape it had passed the house, the measure would have been passed unchanged in the senate. As it was it was beaten by a tie vote, 39 to 39, Senator Bailey being the only Democrat to vote against it. The Democrats and insurgents were ready for the defeat of the measure.

While several of them had voted for it, it was apparently understood that if it was defeated it would be resurrected, amended by a compromise agreement and again brought to a vote. Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, Republican insurgent who had voted against the passage of the bill, made the motion to reconsider the vote. It carried without a roll call. With the bill restored to life, Senator Kern, of Indiana, came forward with the compromise agreement.

LA FOLLETTE A MAN OF BUMPS

Cranial Contusions Indicate Enough Qualities to Elect Him President.

Chicago, August 1.—No matter what Senator La Follette's political platform may be, he could be elected to the office of President of the United States on his "bumps." Figuratively, the western progressive could slide into the coveted place on his head.

These conclusions have been reached by Dr. T. J. Allen, president of the Aurora college, who recently made a study of Senator La Follette's cranial contusions. The jaw, says the educator, with wide and prominent chin, gives enough for a general. The eye shows power of concentration, the mouth firmness and suavity, says he.

Then the width of the head is cited as showing executive ability, the height of the head, moral development and a great bump that proves the owner possessor of a generous quality of self-esteem. Finally the bump specialist drops technicalities and talks politics, saying that La Follette is the only man who, against Wilson, could poll the Progressive Republican vote.

SIAMESE TWINS SURPASSED

Two Boys Joined at Shoulders, Sides and Hips.

Pittsburg, August 1.—Male twins, fully developed and joined together at the shoulders, sides and hips, were born the other day to Mrs. Helen Sikorski, of 220 Fifteenth street, Homestead. They have four legs, four arms and two heads.

HOW STANDARD WILL DISSOLVE

Will Distribute Stock of 33 Subsidiary Concerns Among Stockholders.

New York, August 1.—Stockholders in the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey have received from the secretary of the corporation a letter which indicates the plan by which the company will conform itself to the decree of the supreme court that the corporation must dissolve.

They are informed that, by Dec. 1 next, they will have certificates of stock in 33 corporations which at the time of the decision were owned by the Standard Oil Co.

This does not mean, so M. F. Elliott, chief counsel for the Standard Oil Co., pointed out yesterday, that the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey will go out of business on Dec. 1. It will persist as a manufacturer of petroleum products and it will continue to run the biggest oil refineries in the world.

Shares in Other Concerns.

Beside the stock which the Standard of New Jersey owns in the 33 corporations of which it was ordered to rid itself, it held shares in many other corporations. What will become of this stock Mr. Elliott did not wish to say. There appears to be nothing in the decree or in that of the lower court which prevents the Standard of New Jersey from maintaining ownership, so said Mr. Elliott.

It was said yesterday at 26 Broadway that to apportion the stock among the stockholders in the major corporation was the only way of meeting the letter of the supreme court's decree. Mr. Elliott added that the company proposes not only to meet the letter of the order, but the spirit also

Letter to the Stockholders.

The notice which H. C. Fogler, Jr., secretary of the company, sent out yesterday to the stockholders, reads as follows:

"Obedience to the final decree in the case of the United States against the Standard Oil Co. (of New Jersey) and others requires this company to distribute, or cause to be distributed, ratably to its stockholders the shares of stock of the following corporations which it owns directly or through its ownership of stock of the National Transit Co.—to wit:

"Anglo-American Oil Co., Limited.
"The Atlantic Refining Co.
"Borne-Scrymser Co.
"The Buckeye Pipe Line Co.
"Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
"Crescent Pipe Line Co.
"Cumberland Pipe Line Co., Incorporated.
"Eureka Pipe Line Co.
"Galena Signal Oil Co.
"Indiana Pipe Line Co.
"National Transit Co.
"New York Transit Co.
"Northern Pipe Line Co.
"Ohio Oil Co.
"Prairie Oil and Gas Co.
"Solar Refining Co.
"Southern Pipe Line Co.
"South Penn Oil Co.
"Southwest Pennsylvania Pipe Lines.
"Standard Oil Co. (California).
"Standard Oil Co. (Indiana).
"Standard Oil Co. (Kansas).
"Standard Oil Co. (Kentucky).
"Standard Oil Co. (Nebraska).
"Standard Oil Co. (New York).
"Standard Oil Co. (Ohio).
"Swan & Finch Co.
"Union Tank Line Co.
"Vacuum Oil Co.
"Washington Oil Co.
"Waters-Pierce Oil Co.

Books Closed Long Time.

"Such distribution will be made to the stockholders of the Standard Oil Co. (of New Jersey) of record on the last day of September, 1911; and for that purpose the transfer books of the company will be closed on the thirty-first day of August, 1911, at 3 o'clock p. m., and kept closed until the date when said stocks are ready for distribution, which, it is expected, will be about Dec. 1, 1911.

"Notice of the date when said stocks are to be distributed and of the reopening of the books will be duly given."

Dissolution, Not Reorganization.

The scheme outlined in Mr. Fogler's letter, so it was pointed out yesterday, is not to be taken as a reorganization of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. It is a dissolution. The effect of the plan is to disassociate the companies formerly under its control, and to cause the Standard of New Jersey to continue as a manufacturing concern.

"Its stock will have the value that it has at present, of course," remarked Mr. Elliott, "because the company will have given up its stock ownership in at least 33 corporations, but the Standard of New Jersey will be much alive nevertheless."

A man owning a single share of stock, which could be bought today on the curb for $659, will have, after Dec. 1, a share in Standard Oil of New Jersey worth at par $100; he will have a tenth of a share in the Southern Pipe Line Co., $10; a trifle more than a quarter of a share in the National Transit Co., $25.45; three-twentieths of a share in the Standard Oil Co. of New York, $15; in the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., which makes vaseline, 28 cents worth at par; in the Colonial Oil Co. about 25 cents' worth at par; in the South Penn Oil Co. a fortieth of a share, $2.50.

FOR $5,000 HE'D DIE ON GALLOWS

Stranger, to Help Family, Offers to Take Blame for Beattie Murder.

Richmond, Va., July 31.—An offer to save the life of Henry Clay Beattie, accused of murdering his wife because he loved Beulah Binford, a beautiful wayward child, has come from an entire stranger, who offers his own life—"useless and nearly gone," he calls it—in exchange.

A more startling, more tragic proposition than the one this unnamed stranger has made, has never perhaps been recorded outside of fiction. The man who wants to be the victim of the executioner is not a mad man, not a crank, not even a loving friend of the youth who is in jail here awaiting trial for what is pronounced one of the most amazing crimes this country ever knew. So far as he can recall he has never even spoken a word to Henry Clay Beattie. Yet his motive is tinged with a high nobility, an almost unbelievable spirit of self-sacrifice. The story is this:

Fits in With Story.

When young Beattie, son of a rich old Virginia family, raced up in his automobile to the home of his wife's uncle, with the young wife beside him, shot dead, and his arm around her, stained with her blood, he said that a highwayman had held him up and in firing at him had shot the girl.

"A tall man," he gasped. "Tall, six feet, pale, with a stubby beard. He killed her—he got away—look for him."

At first the story was believed. Search was made for the tall man, but no tracks were found, no trace of him could be obtained. Then Beattie's own gun was discovered, he was arrested and his story pronounced a fiction. So much for explanation. Now the stranger's offer.

Man Who Would Die Disappears.

A man two days ago sought a person who is extremely interested in the welfare of the accused slayer. He hesitated for time about declaring his mission. Then he asked timidly for a description of the highwayman who young Beattie had declare snot his wife. It was given to him. The stranger shook off his timidity. With strange vehemence he exclaimed: "Look at me! Look at me closely! I am tall. I am pale. I have a stubby beard. I am exactly like the man he described."

The friend of Beattie thought his visitor might be mentally unbalanced. There are persons who from constant reading of tragic stories gain strange ideas of personal association with them. Beattie's friend thought this man was such and sought to quiet him. But the man laughed sanely and said: "No I'm not that, sir. I have a motive in declaring myself like this highwayman, who could not be found. I ask you, quite calmly if the Beattie family would give $5,000 to see young Henry cleared of this charge and set free?" Still in doubt, the man interested in the young prisoner said that surely the family would give $5,000. Beattie's father is rich. He would give $50,000—would give his whole fortune, which might total $300,000, to save his boy.

For His Family's Sake.

"Then, listen," demanded the stranger. "I want $5,000—not for myself—for my family. For that sum I will step forward at any hour you name and confess myself the slayer of Louise Owen Beattie. I will do it within an hour after the money is placed in my hands. Why? Here's why: I am a consumptive. Look! (he pointed to his obtruding cheek bones, to the telltale flush on his face, and, opening his coat, to his shrunken chest). I have less than a year to live. I don't care about that. I'm better off dead, but I have a wife and children. I have all I can do now to support them. When I die they will be penniless. And they are dearer to me than life or name or reputation or anything else.

"Give me $5,000 so that they may be made comfortable for at least a time and your Henry Clay Beattie may go free, with his name cleared and his father's fortune to inherit. I've thought of suicide many times. A quick death is better than a slow one. I'd far rather choose the executioner than the slow, agonizing fate that is possible—it's easy," he went on eagerly. "As circumstances have it, there is not a living soul in the world who can say that I was not the highwayman, that I was not present at the very time and at the very spot Mrs. Beattie was killed. I was away from my home that night. No one save myself knows where I was or what I did."

Pleads for His Plan.

For half an hour the stranger pleaded eloquently for his weird proposal, picturing his love for his family, his own indifference to death, the great chance of freeing the strong, healthy young man to whom years of life and prosperity might be granted. But he was told, gently, that such a sacrifice as his, noble as it might be, could not be accepted. He departed, begging the friend of the young prisoner to reconsider, to send him word, so that he might go forward to death with gladness for the sake of his wife and babies.

The reporter to whom this story came in a direct manner, gives no names, from motives of fairness and decency and respect for the tragic proposal and the friend of Beattie who related it. But there undoubtedly is, within a few miles of this old city, such a hero, longing for a chance to give up his own life for that of the rich young man who, in the opinion of many, seems doomed.

DISCOVERS BRIDE IS INSANE

Haywood Didn't Know It in Time, but Wants Divorce.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 1.—Making the charge that his wife was hopelessly insane when he married her, but that he did not discover it until a few days after they were married, two months ago, Philip Haywood, of Westmore, has filed a suit for divorce. He married Miss Frances E. Jones, of Plymouth, on May 26. During the next few days, he declares, he discovered that she was hopelessly insane, and on June 4 he took her to the home of her parents. There the family physician examined her and sent her to an asylum for the insane.

Mr. Haywood asserts that the insanity of the woman was concealed from him during the courtship and at the time of the marriage, which, he says, was procured by fraud.

SCANDAL IN BOYLE DAIRY

Woman Kidnaper Smuggles Record of Whitla Crime to Her Friends.

Pittsburg, July 31.—The suppressed diary of Helen Boyle, who, with her husband, James Boyle, is serving a 25 year sentence in the Western penitentiary of Pennsylvania for the kidnaping of "Billy" Whitla, has fallen into the hands of friends of the convict couple, and it is rumored that sensational details are to be made public which will involve members of the Whitla family and persons who were most active in the prosecution of the Boyles.

Those who are now in possession of Mrs. Boyle's diary have expressed a firm determination to publish its contents broadcast, regardless of the scandal it will create. They say Mrs. Boyle is rapidly nearing death from the effects of imprisonment and the terrible ordeal through which she has passed since the day that her husband first put little "Billy" in her care to be held for $20,000 ransom.

Has Given Up Hope.

She is but a shadow of herself as she appeared when the sentence, which practically meant life imprisonment, was passed. Her vitality is gone, and she apparently has lost interest in regaining her liberty. They say she lives with but one hope, one idea in her mind as she languishes in her cell in the penitentiary on the outskirts of this city. That is the desire to remove a part at least of the blot of shame and calumny which the kidnaping cast upon her name by revealing the true facts which led up to the crime.

According to all reports, Mrs. Boyle has kept the diary, which is also a complete memoirs of the past few years of her life, since the day that the kidnaping of the Whitla boy was first conceived. Every detail of the plot, every act of those involved, every hope and desire of herself to untangle herself from its maze after it had been committed and live the life and refinement and respectability to which she was educated, are said to be contained in the diary.

It is said that she has outwitted detectives, prison officials and even the penitentiary warden, in their efforts to get possession of the record. When she first entered the penitentiary to begin her long term, friends to whom she had intrusted the diary smuggled it in to her, a few pages at a time, in clothing.

Makes Daily Entries.

Every day she has made entries of her thoughts and actions and enlarged upon the former records by flashes of her recollections. There have been many attempts to get the book, but she has defeated them.

That there is some substance of truth in her record and the charges against persons whom she has implicated in the kidnaping, is proven by a paragraph relating to the efforts of a detective to secure the convictions of herself and husband.

"Perkins will some day plead before a court for the mercy he has refused to grant others," is one of the quotations.

By a strange twist of fate a detective by that name who was involved in the Whitla case is now on trial for writing "Black Hand" letters to a Pittsburg millionaire for the purpose of extorting money.

There is something weird about this one paragraph, which is followed by the words:

"Retribution for wrongs committed against a defenseless woman, whose lips were sealed when she was being tried for her liberty and honor, is inevitable."

Both Boyle and his wife charge that their testimony was suppressed at the trial.

SAYS SUFFRAGIST LACKS IN CHARM

Most of Them Absolutely Sexless, Says Psychology Professor at Columbia.

New York, July 31.—"Suffragists are to a large extent sexless," declared Dr. Max G. Schlapp, professor in the Columbia College Medical school and one of the most eminent medical psychologists in the country, yesterday.

He was discussing the causes of the increase of crime and incidentally psychology.

"They fail to realize the duties of womanhood and seem to lose their womanly qualities. In this stressful age, we are getting fewer and fewer womanly women. In fact many can hardly be called women at all. They have none of the womanly emotions, none of the womanly sympathies. They are truly sexless. To be sure, there are some who are estimable, who have broad domestic feelings, yet they are on the decrease.

Paying Cost of Progress.

"The only way that I can account for it is the age. We are striving, as no nation or age has ever striven. The advance of the last 125 years is unparalleled and we are paying the cost. We are having more nervous wrecks and more criminals than ever before. We are ceasing to be normal. That is why we have this suffrage movement. Our women are becoming abnormal.

About Nursing.

"How many children are being nursed now in the old way? When you realize this one change you can appreciate the growing difference in woman. And our children are suffering as a result. They are growing up less strong, less reliant, and more abnormal.

"If women would only leave this political field alone we would have a much more satisfactory generation of children. Women who disregard their sex, engage in the pursuits of men and devote their vital energy to politics and other male pursuits, must inevitably lose their womanly charm, the feminine character and even motherhood itself.

Suffragists a Great Harm.

"The declining birth rate in civilized countries, which in France in 1907 fell below the death rate, corresponds with the entrance of the women into industry and intellectual pursuits outside the home. Since 1870 not only has the birth rate decreased, but there has been an increase in insanity and nervous diseases among the women, showing the sex is overburdened."

FRANCE, FEARING WORST, PREPARES

Despite Peace Talk in Germany, French Are Reorganizing Their Army.

Paris, July 29.—All France is in a turmoil as the result of action taken today by the military authorities and the air is charged with war talk in the provinces as well as in Paris.

Greater optimism prevailed in government circles during the day, although it was admitted that the negotiations with Germany regarding the Moroccan affair remain difficult.

The activity in military circles can be explained in no other way, but that France expects war and means to be ready for it. Preparations made today and bearing out this statement were as follows:

Troops Make Ready.

Orders to the cavalry to be ready for the field at the first signal.

The heavy provisioning of the forts on the Eastern frontier by special supply trains run out of Paris at night.

The mustering of all regiments to their full quota.

It is understood that Baron von Kiderlen Waechter, the German foreign secretary, who is conducting the negotiations with Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Berlin, has modified his original program and is now asking for a part instead of the whole coast of French Congo, but at the same time naming other conditions which France would find difficulty in accepting.

The morning papers welcome Mr. Asquith's speech as clarifying the situation and hastening a settlement.

The Figaro understands that Emperor William told personal friends that the Moroccan question could be settled amicably with France.

Army's Reorganization Certain.

Rambouillet, France, July 29.—At the conclusion of the cabinet meeting yesterday, when President Fallieres presided, two official announcements were made. The first was that Foreign Secretary De Selves, in explaining to his colleagues the external political situation had said that the pourparlers between France and Germany were proceeding normally.

The second announcement was that the cabinet had decided upon the reorganization of the army.

The superior council of national defense remains, with the addition of a permanent bureau of study composed of three officers, one each from the department of war, marine and colonies.

Many other changes have been decided upon, all designed to make sure a systematic machine capable of instant and effective action in time of war.

One occasion for the reorganization is the resignation of General V. Michel as commander-in-chief because of differences with his colleagues over the program of national defense. The superior council of war, composed of generals of the army, continues, but the vice presidency, which was held by Michel, will be abolished. A chiefship of the general staff, carrying practically the supreme command in time of war, is created instead, and General J. J. C. Joffre will be appointed to the latter post.

BRITISH CABINET SOON TO HAVE A SHAKEUP

London, July 29.—Immediately after the veto bill has passed there will be an entire rearrangement of the cabinet, according to the statement of an evening paper.

Whether the actual reshuffle will be so drastic as is forecasted remains to be seen, but it is known that both Viscount Morley, lord president of the council, and the earl of Crewe, secretary of state for India, are anxious to throw off the harness because of illness.

The paper asserts that War Secretary Haldane and Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, also will give up their portfolios.

Attorney General Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs is going to the upper house as a law lord, and Home Secretary Churchill, according to the statement, is slated for the Irish secretaryship, and Lieut. Col. John E. B. Seely, the under secretary of war, for the head of that ministry.

ANDERSON IS GAGGED

House Won't Hear Reply to Sherwood.

Washington, August 1.—Angered by the charges made by Gen. Isaac Sherwood in his speech on pension legislation Saturday, Representative Anderson, of Fostoria, yesterday vainly sought a chance to reply. He had scarcely got started after getting the floor on a question of personal privilege before he was interrupted and finally compelled to quit under a ruling that he had no grievance which constituted a personal privilege. In the meantime Gen. Sherwood, not hearing the ruling of the chair, was making a vigorous attempt to answer Anderson. Sherwood, too, was ruled out of order.

Anderson did not give up until compelled to do so, and then defiantly declared he would have something to say today. He created something of a stir by saying that material he desired to bring before the house had disappeared from his desk. Before taking his seat Anderson, for some reason he had no chance to explain, started to go into the graft charges in Ohio. He was interrupted with the objection, sustained by the chair, that the house had nothing to do with graft in Ohio.

As soon as he could get recognition after the house met, Anderson declared that, for two weeks, there had been a number of newspapers which had printed stories purporting to come from various members of the house, and he was sorry to say that these members were on the Democratic side—in which it was said that his motion to discharge the junior committee from further consideration of his pension bill had been "sneaked" in and that he had acted in "foxlike" manner.

Conceding for the time being that he had "sneaked" it in, he declared, as he strode down the center aisle waving his arm vigorously, no man could call him a "cotton foot," for he did not sneak into the cloak room to avoid voting when the motion was made to adjourn in order not to consider his measure. He stood and voted his convictions, he asserted.

FARMERS AND BARLEY MEN ASK U. S. "WHAT IS BEER?"

Washington, August 1.—Both Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, of the board of food and drug inspection, listened carefully yesterday to the answer of the brewers to the question "what is beer?"

The United States Brewers' association, represented by Louis B. Schramm, of New York, offered a long statement in reply to the set of questions propounded by the department as to what ingredients are contained in beer. It was claimed that the processes and ingredients used in making beer are substantially the same now as before the pure food law was passed.

Barley raisers and malsters are responsible for this effort to determine "what is beer?" The Consumers' National League of Chicago and the Society of Equity, the latter composed largely of farmers, are aiding in the movement.

It is claimed that much of the beer sold in this country is made of corn or rice and some of the malt extract and other beverages are not what their names lead consumers to think them.

The brewers suggested that inasmuch as the principal difference in beers was in "the densities before and after fermentation, there would seem to be no reason for compulsory adoption of specific labeling."

John R. Mauff, of Cranford, N. J., representing the Consumers' league, read a statement charging that since "nursing mothers and invalids" use beer for "tonic properties," labels should designate the ingredients so that users may know whether they are getting grain extracts or "chemical preservatives."

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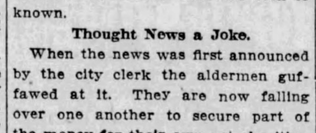
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NEGRO MAMMY, IN A DREAM, SAW MRS. BEATTIE MURDER

Richmond, Va., July 28.—A horrible dream in which Maizi Green, the old negro "mammy," who nursed Mrs. Henry Clay Beattie through her illness at the time of the birth of her child, saw her mistress murdered, yesterday became a part of the material with which the prosecution hopes to convict Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., of the crime. The aged woman's testimony has given the authorities a psychological feature which they consider of the utmost value.

Maizi Green relates that, one midnight about four weeks before the tragedy, as she was sleeping in the same room with Mrs. Beattie and her baby, she heard a fearful scream and shrieked aloud in her sleep, awakening Mrs. Beattie.

"What is the mater, Maizi?" asked Mrs. Beattie, startled.

"Miss Louise, I saw a man creep into the room, pass around my couch and point a gun at your face then the woman hesitated.

"Well, go on," Mrs. Beattie "What else?"

"The man put the gun to your and pulled the trigger. Just gun exploded, it tore into your continued the negro woman, "and were killed.'

The nurse and Mrs. Beattie for some time discussing the and then they retired. Next negro woman related the dream others, and on Tuesday night, it was made a reality on Midlothian turnpike, when Mrs. Beattie was to death while riding with her in his automobile.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., is ning to break down under the of the melancholy induced by the confinement. Yesterday, for the time, he showed signs of irritation his surroundings and at the bar postcards and letters which, since arrest, have come to him daily has abandoned his care free meanor and seems to consider ously each hint of every develop in the case. Prison officials pre yesterday that the young man's fall would be sudden and complete.

After police had dragged the for 13 hours, the bodies of Royce, 16, Bowling Green, and ence Renshler, 17, Findlay, who drowned in the main channel of Maumee river off Park Island, Walbridge park, Thursday even were recovered at 7 o'clock Fri morning.

The all night search was carried by Mounted Policemen Eaton Doody and Patrolmen Basso Manson.

Young Renshler and Miss R were thrown from a sailboat about o'clock Thursday evening, when boat lurched. Renshler's sister, Nellie Renshler, 18, and Harry Go 610 State street, were sailing the b

After they fell into the w Renshler began to swim, but Royce seized him and the two s together within a foot of the boat Miss Renshler and Gould reached to pull them into it. Before could do so, however, Renshler Miss Royce sank again, and the time they came up they were too away to be assisted from the b The other couple sailed in to Winn reid's boat house and gave the alar

When the bodies were found Fri morning they were only a few from where they went down. Royce's arms were still about Ren ler in a tight embrace and Rens held the girl's hair, an evidence of struggle to save his companion. bodies were recovered by grapp hooks in 20 feet of water.

The parents of both young pe called from their homes, were th when the bodies were brought in. G. Renshler, an undertaker of R lay, is the father of the boy, who his only son, and A. E. Royce, a m ber of the firm of Royce & C grain dealers of Bowling Green, is father of the girl.

After the bodies had been vie by Coroner Henzler at Winsenn boathouse, where they were taken, they were removed to undertaking establishment.

Renshler and his sister left h Thursday afternoon in their fath touring car. They went to Bow Green first to get Miss Royce, then came to Toledo, where they ed up their friend Gould.

While they were on the Renshler left the automobile in park above the river. He had key to the battery in his pocket. body was able to start the mac and it stood where it had been until Renshler's body was recov

POOR GET A MILLION

Old Frenchman Who Admired Canadians Makes Unusual Will.

Montreal, July 31.—Here's a true fairy tale. At least everybody thought it was a fairy tale. To the poor of Montreal have been left about $1,000,000 by an old country Frenchman, whom none of them has ever seen or known.

Thought News a Joke.

When the news was first announced by the city clerk the aldermen guffawed at it. They are now falling over one another to secure part of the money for their own pet charities.

Dr. Guerin, the mayor of Montreal, went to England to take part in the coronation ceremonies. While there he made some inquiries about the legacy and the corporation of Montreal has his word for it that the poor will get at least $1,000,000. That is the value of the estate left by the testator in Great Britain alone. There is another estate in France and Mayor Guerin now is looking that up.

The testator's name is Gustave Meurling. His residence was Mentone, in the south of France. He was married twice. His first wife was a French countess. The countess was divorced and the second wife died. It is understood that Muerling inherited money from the latter.

He Had no Relatives.

He had no relatives, so cast about for a charity with which he was in sympathy, and decided to leave his money to the poor of Montreal. He would have left it to the people of France, but they had disgusted him by the way in which they had treated the religious orders. On the other hand he had the greatest admiration for the moral and religious traits of the Canadians, which he had studied while living in Canada some years ago.

So he had his lawyers make out a will, bequeathing all his property in England and France to the corporation of Montreal to be used for the benefit of its poor.

Modern Stinginess.

"Thieves" by "Aix."

"Is there another woman in Pittsburg that's been treated as shabbily as I have?" passionately demanded Mrs. Severn. "Look at me! Look at me! Look at the meanness I've had to endure. For years you made me ride in those nasty Pullman cars—made me put up with those dirty little compartments there. Didn't I have to fight for years before I got a private railroad car from you when every other woman of my class in this town had one without a fight to get it?"

Accept this $25 Suit

YES, FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our new most remarkable easy money-making offer, with your extra sample suit offer too. Be well dressed, and look well by us in spare time or all time, as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write a postal quick. Our offer means
$5 Per day easy or $30 to $50 a week
We trust you absolutely. Just show our Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates of latest beautiful styles. Everything sent Express Prepaid. Your friends will grab at this chance to get our perfect hand tailored made-to-measure swellest suits, pants or overcoats. They'll save $3 to $5. Suits $8 up. Biggest profit and confidential special inside wholesale prices to you. Fit, workmanship and material Guaranteed by Bond. Finest in America for style, looks and wear. Undersell all others.
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